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NEW YORK under TAMMANY RULE

By FRANK MOSS

THE City of New York is in a sad condition. It was delivered in 1895 from an administration that was signalized by the public exhibition of the brutality and corruption of some of its departments. By a great popular uprising its affairs were committed to a non-partisan administration which made great progress in raising the character of the public service. Then, in 1897, through a chapter of blunders and follies, it fell into the hands of the same organization that controlled it prior to 1895.

That organization—Tammany Hall—and its leader—Richard Croker—having been deprived for three years of the income from the public treasury to which they had been accustomed through many years of power, realized that

Photo by Prince

MR. FRANK MOSS
COUNSEL FOR THE MAZET COMMITTEE

through the provisions of the new Charter, giving enormous powers to the Mayor and increasing his term to four years—twice that of the Governor—they had fabulous opportunities of personal advantage, and plunged in to make the most of them. It is not charged that city officials have deliberately and criminally put their hands into the public treasury and robbed it. There are safer methods of aggrandizement and enrichment which have been discovered and operated by those whose profession is politics.

It has often been charged against the leaders of Tammany Hall that they hold to no principles of statesmanship and are not controlled by any system of political ethics, and that they take control of and operate the machinery of government for their own gain. Upon the testimony of the leader himself, his first lieutenant, and various subordinates, it is now a matter of record that they are in politics for what they can make, and are working for their own pockets all the time; that they look upon the election of their candidates as a depositing of the city government in the hands of their organization, and that they fill the places and control the officers with discipline so that everything shall move in harmony with Tammany Hall and its leader.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of any city all public officers drawing a salary of over $1000 are members of a so-called social club controlled by the leading members of Tammany Hall, and whose central figure and king is the leader of the organization. This leader has a history well-known to all who take interest in municipal matters. When he testified before the Fassett Committee he was poor, but

to-day it is a matter of general knowledge, and to some extent of record, that he is a man of great wealth as well as of tremendous power, modestly confessing that he is the most powerful man in the metropolis; and the wealthy, the cultured and the eminent, who have anything to dread or anything to hope for at his hands or from his organization, attend upon him and wait before him with abject servility.

Mr. Croker testified that all of the appointments made by the Mayor were made satisfactorily to him and to the organization, and that it was necessary to have discipline in such an organization, and that the operations of the various department heads were satisfactory to him. He testified, likewise, that the judicial candidates were selected in conference by the district leaders of the organization and himself, the district leaders including men like Bernard F. Martin, Martin Engel, Patrick Divver, Timothy D. Sullivan, John B. Sexton and Percival E. Nagle, and that such nominations were almost equivalent to election. Even Judge Daly testified that, deeming it desirable for public reasons that he, as Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, should go to the Constitutional Convention, he waited upon Mr. Croker at Tammany Hall for the purpose of having it ordered. Mr. Croker being unwilling for well-known reasons, the Judge was not selected in the party convention.

INVESTIGATION THAT DOES NOT INVESTIGATE

We have been attempting to conduct a legislative inquiry into the condition of the city and the operations of its officers. This is not the place to sum up the results that have been attained, nor to state what hopes exist for future achievements; but it is perfectly plain that the committee represents the popular assembly of the entire State, and regardless of partisan considerations, is entitled to the respectful treatment and consideration of all citizens, public and private, while it is engaged in the performance of its duties. It has had to fight its way through a solid antagonism of officials and politicians so compact, so well considered and so well organized as to make it plain that personal safety—to say nothing of the ordinary dignity and decorum of judicial and legislative proceedings—were in constant jeopardy; and the District Attorney of the county in which the sessions have been held plainly indicates his alliance with the forces arrayed against the investigation, thus making a striking contrast with the action of District Attorney Fellows during the Lexow investigation.

The demonstration of the existence of widespread vice and crime in close proximity to a large and expensive Police Department and District Attorney's office has been comparatively easy. The Tammany battle-cry—before election—"To h—ll with reform," and the election of its candidates upon that platform, was perhaps a good reason for effectively carrying out the promise. The seizure of the Police Department and the paralyzing of all its normal functions for suppressing licentious evils are matters of common knowledge. The city overflows with low resorts, gambling houses, pool rooms, and policy shops, many of which are run in open connection with the affairs of local Tammany leaders. The enforcement of the excise law has long since been abandoned, and everything which answers to the designation of "sport" as it is understood by good Tammany workers is flourishing: the vicious and abandoned have flocked to the city from all parts of the country and from foreign lands, and robberies and burglaries are becoming more and more frequent.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OF CRIMINALS

The public revelation before the committee of the phenomenal extent of gambling on horse races produces neither shame nor fear on the part either of those who operate the places or of those whose duty it is to close them. If protection has been bought or secured for political or other considerations, certainly all that has been bought is delivered. The leader of Tammany Hall seemed to have no shame or hesitation in admitting some of the ways by which he profits in this new order of things.

It is true that when he was asked how he acquired his large interests in extensive concerns he pleaded the excuse of private business, and with the Assembly resolution as it then existed the plea was good in law. The statement that companies in which he secured these interests are entirely subject to the visitation or interference of city departments controlled by members of his organization did not induce him to deny that he had not paid for his stock; nevertheless, some of the smaller emoluments were shown. Mr. Croker had a contract with the manager of a bonding company by which for his influence he received half of the officer's income, and almost every city officer who is required to give a bond takes it from that company, even though its rates are higher than those charged by other companies.

The real estate auction firm of which he is a partner secures the lion's share of the judicial sales ordered by Referees appointed by the Judges, and all of the auction sales of real estate at the gift of the Sheriff, the Comptroller and various members of departments. Mr. Croker admitted an income of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year from that auction business. It has already appeared that the necessary action of city departments to permit certain materials and methods has been obtained only after close connection with the leader's family and relatives, and a payment of large fees for small services. The city is full of stories of similar occurrences.

HOW TIMID VICTIMS ARE COWED TO SILENCE

The saddest feature of the whole business is the timidity of the people who suffer and the apathy of the great mass of decent citizens. On the one hand, we meet many persons, some of them of high standing in the community, who make statements in confidence which are worth something in our quest of information, but the very statement of which seems to terrify our informants. The real estate owner complains in confidence of the injustice wrought upon him by the Tax Department, but he declines to testify for fear that next year his assessment will be doubled; a prominent builder says, "If I only dared tell what I know it would startle this lethargic community into action; but it would kill me in my business, and therefore I cannot speak." The victim of an awful persecution declines to relieve counsel of the obligations of confidence upon the ground that if he should testify it would not be possible for him to remain in the city. A lawyer frequently having to arrange matters for clients upon a basis not complimentary to the integrity of certain officials, declines to give specific information, on the ground that if he did his clients would have to go out of business.

The fact is, that it is hardly possible to do business in the city without coming in contact with some department or set of officials, and the solidarity of the officialism of the city, its loyalty to the organization and its leader, and the examples of its relentless activity have impressed the business people with the danger of incurring its displeasure. There are many illustrations of this new kind of freebooting which, through the control and coördination of official power, makes it worth while for private business companies to secure the favor of those who control official action by making practical and tangible contributions to their means and comfort. It is a matter of evidence and of irresistible inference that Mr. Croker and his sons have received valuable properties and interests, not by legitimate purchase, but because the father is the boss of Tammany Hall and Tammany Hall controls the city departments.

THE JELLY-FISH SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE

The apathy and the critical disposition of large masses of our good citizens at this time, when the very liberties of our people are in jeopardy, are indeed discouraging. In many quarters are heard such remarks as these: "Why does not the committee show something new?" "We knew all the time that Mr. Croker was not in politics for his health." "Of course the city is wide open, and the pool rooms are in full blast, but what can we do about it?" "If the committee cannot show us something new, why doesn't it adjourn?" It is indeed a wonderful thing that the good people of New York can witness the open disgrace of their city without being aroused to such indignant protest and contest as to leave forgotten the comparatively paltry considerations of personal interest and safety. The supineness, the lack of adequate public expressions of indignation and resentment against the conditions which weigh beyond the testimony before the committee, are matters of common talk among the people, are phenomena of the greatest interest and significance, and sometimes they make counsel wonder at their own temerity in earnestly daring to face the tyrant and his council.

There never was a greater need in our city for wise and unselfish patriotism. There is a kind of patriotism which stands related to that displayed by the fathers of '76, which in such a crisis as this will esteem it a privilege to risk everything for the salvation of the State; and I believe that the spirit exists in the hearts of thousands of the young men of the metropolis, who have not realized the un-American conditions in which we are living and the danger which they bring to American institutions, not only in this city, but in all other cities.

THE OPEN-DOOR POLICY TOWARD CRIME

It is a marvelous thing, with the perfectly open conditions of vice and immorality, the existence of gambling on a scale not known before in many years, the publishing day after day of the noxious details of public occurrences that are calculated to ruin our young people in multitudes, that reform societies and the churches are silent. The world knows that New York is "wide open," and from the time when the "wide-open" conditions began no impressive demand has been made upon the public authorities that they obey the laws of the State and protect the youth of the city. One association of preachers alone mildly condemned the officially supervised prize fights which, having been driven out of other States, have become an institution in our city. The proof of the continuous existence of over a hundred pool rooms which could be found by following the crowd has not caused a single decent protest. This is a city that in times past has not been devoid of civic pride and the power to burst out in practical patriotism.

There is a feeling abroad that having a four-years' term for the Mayor, and having given the position to the present incumbent with our eyes open, and having experienced but a year and a half of the four, we are bound to endure two years and a half more, and had better get used to it and make as little trouble as possible, trusting to some fortunate political combination to defeat Tammany Hall in 1901. There is a feeling of helplessness and an impression that the conditions are bound to continue, and that Tammany Hall is relentless in the crushing of its antagonists.

THE ONLY CURE FOR CROKERISM

The conviction comes very strongly that the greatest mistake of the Charter is the long term. Theoretically, a long term is good, but like a great many other theories, it does not wear well in practice. In New York City, as in all great cities, there are masses of the population who will blindly follow their political leaders regardless of the good or evil of their policy and conduct, and the prospects in New York City are vastly in favor of the continuance of party administrations. In such a city, and especially where the prevailing political impulses usually affect all public officers at the same time—Courts, District Attorney, police, and all—the most effective way of maintaining honest and efficient government is by subjecting the administrations to the popular vote for their continuance or overturning.

With the long term and the marvelous powers of a city administration under our new Charter, the persons and the organization put in power for four years have such an opportunity for taking care of themselves for life that they need not worry about a reëlection. We have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a long term in the City of New York. There is underneath the appearance of power and of unity in Tammany Hall a great discontent at the tyranny of those who have elevated themselves to dizzy heights of power, and it may well be that if the people were given an opportunity to vote for the Mayoralty this year there would be such an uprising of combined patriotism and resentment as would snatch this city from the grasp that now throttles and defiles it.

There is a disposition among good people of all parties to unite this fall on good candidates, and there is anger, dissension and slumbering rebellion all through the ranks of Tammany. Will the political leaders of the anti-Tammany press and of the Republican party have the foresight and insight to take the chance and give the city an opportunity to deliver itself? If that chance passes away this fall, unimproved, it cannot come again under the Constitution until 1901; if it be taken and fail, we cannot be worse off, and will have our opportunity again in 1901; if we succeed, we will have a civic revival.

Editor's Note—This is the third in the Post's series of papers on The Modern City. Those already published are: The Work of the Modern City, by Mayor Quincy, of Boston; The Misgovernment of the Modern City, by Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago.

NOT LEGAL TESTIMONY

By Octave Thanet

NOTE.—The story was written by Miss Janet Long, the President's secretary. For eighteen years, during the reign of three Presidents, the bank has been familiar with Miss Long's slim, erect little figure (the arms of which hang with a sort of resolute limpness), her handsome gray head, a trifle too large for the figure, her agreeable but inscrutable smile, her quiet hazel eyes that never miss so much as a comma, her beautiful white hands, and her soberly immaculate toilettes.

Long ago the young men became reconciled to her unexacting presence. The President, Cyrus Maynard, admires her vastly, but without sentiment. "No nerves and no nonsense," he sighs, as one would sigh over a good dinner; "knows all the ways to say 'no' civilly; and the stillest woman I ever saw." She has no very near friends, and no kindred nearer than an aunt in Chicago and a cousin in St. Louis, who are prosperous and important people; and once (but they have forgiven her, now) were inclined to resent her making a comfortable income as a working-woman, instead of scrimping and pinching on the tiny estate left her, in genteel retirement. If no one is particularly attached to her, every one who knows her has a tepid kindliness and goodwill for her, and being a philosopher, she makes the best of her little candle of human cheer. Like most unexpressive persons, she has her own medium for giving her emotions wing. No magazine, no newspaper ever had a glimpse of Janet's neat pages; for herself alone she writes out the dramas that have enacted themselves before her keen, cool gaze, and over which (in the President's words) she has "never made a cheep." Occasionally she takes one of her stories out of her locked box to read, and, it may be, finds a sharper pleasure in it than in the more artful mysteries of Gaboriau or Mrs. Green, which she can unravel in the view of all men. Her own mysteries she keeps for drawn curtains and her own little parlor at the Mississippi Inn, where she has a tiny suite, tips with judgment, and is highly regarded. Perhaps in them she who has been only an observer all her life catches at second-hand the poignant flavor of those emotions that a woman loves better than comfort. Perhaps, also, the faint cynicism of her is but her unconscious revolt against fate for making her have to take them in this fashion. She is neither discontented nor morose, but in effect she cheapens a little the thrills that are not for her.

July 2. I wish I could tell this story to Mrs. Anna Katherine Green and ask her advice. It is as ugly a problem as she could wish to tackle. I know no better way than to record my impressions, and later try to classify them intelligibly. At present they are only a sick and lurid chaos.

This morning I went to the bank very early. I had extra work to do; and I often go early to finish an extra job. It does not pay to be disobliging, and it pays even less to let your regular work pile up on you. The street looked wonderfully cool and tidy, with no unseemly litter of paper and boxes; and the bricks shining wet after the rain. Sparrows were hopping blithely over the pavement, twittering to each other at their foraging. The green blinds screening Pach's place were pushed to one side, whereby one had a vision of a man in clean white apron and pink shirt before a glittering tall bar, doing something with ice which made a pleasant tinkle. The other shops on the street gave no sign of life, it was so early; and this added to the singular quiet of the scene. Now, it comes to me as the hush before the storm; then, I simply drank in the cool freshness, after the breathless July night. And I wondered why I didn't get up early every morning, something I always wonder when I do rise early of a summer morn. Billy Grist, our janitor, was already in the building, grumbling about the sticky windows and recklessly

We looked down every likely dark passage, and found everything absolutely straight

prying them open with a hatchet. But it was I that stopped in front of the Directors' room, saying, "What's that on the floor, Billy?"

I can see him, brushing the perspiration off his brow with the back of his hand as he sulkily swings the door back; and

I can see him spring back with all the color dashed out of his face. There it curdled on the floor at our feet, a horrible black puddle like nothing else on earth; and there, not a foot away, a dead man lay, his right arm outflung, his fingers crooked as if to clutch the pistol in the open traveling-bag beside him, his head tilted back, and a bullet hole through the base of the brain.

"Good Heavens! It's Mr. Teller," gasped Billy. Gilbert Teller was our cashier. It was I, again, that went to the dead man and felt his motionless heart; for Billy was shaking and sobbing. He was quite dead—had been dead for hours, I was sure, for the limbs were rigid.

"Oh, Lord, ain't it awful!" moaned Billy. "Such a kind man! Only yesterday he give me a dollar. Oh, it's awful!" Then he made a dive at something on the floor before I could stop him, and displayed the dead man's watch, which must have fallen out of his pocket or from the table. The hands had stopped at sixteen minutes after ten. I followed the line of his shaking forefinger and saw, three or four feet away from the body, a second pistol. I wouldn't let Billy touch this; but I satisfied myself that one chamber was blackened.

"That's what done it," said Billy, very low; "there's been murder done! They come in on Mr. Teller, and he grabbed for his bag and his gun, but 'fore he could git it open they was on him. Then they run away. Look at the winder!"

True enough, the iron bars guarding the window had been sawn asunder, and the window screen had a square hole large enough for a man's entrance. Just under the window I espied a large pocket-book, which we both recognized as the cashier's; it had been emptied with such furious haste that one of the leather pockets was torn down.

That put me on another thought; I ran across the hall to the vault, with pulses jumping. But no; all was safe.

"They most like asked him for the combination," said Billy, "and he wouldn't give it; then they shot him and run off."

"It certainly looks that way," said I. "I suppose he came here to the committee meeting last night; but why did he have the traveling-bag?"

"He was going to Chicago, he says, on the half past ten train. The meeting was at eight forty-five, he says. Yes'm; and I know I was a setting on my front porch at ten, and I seen Mr. Maynard and Mr. Roper go by, so I know they must 'a' left him behind. What's that on the table?"

My eyes went to the envelope on the oaken, gleaming surface and to the unfinished letter. I thought no harm to read the few words announcing that the writer was going to Chicago on bank business, therefore he must request his correspondent to wait until—with that word "until" the writing ceased. He had been interrupted, and all the busy world had stopped for him forever. Strange that the look of those firmly traced black lines should give me a colder and closer horror than the sight of the murdered man; but they did. I found my legs flopping under me. I sat down.

"Oh, Lord! What shall we do?" whimpered Billy.

"The sooner we get the police in, the better," said I.

"I—I guess *you'd* better run for 'em!" Billy groaned; but his eyes rolled back on the floor with its dreadful silhouette, and I knew that he was ghastly frighted to be left alone. Myself—it didn't matter; Billy's a kind old soul, who has done many a civil turn for me; and may do many more.

"You go, Billy," said I; "I don't feel up to it."

"If you don't mind, Miss——"

"No, I don't mind."

So he went. There the dead man lay. We had been good friends, in a casual fashion.

I'm only an observer who doesn't get very close to people, and he must have been ten years younger than I. But he was always considerate, and he had a softer way with him than most bank officials. One Thanksgiving he asked me to dinner. He had married a rich wife, and they lived in a handsome way. I enjoyed the dinner. Mrs. Teller is President of our Woman's Club. She is very much admired, but it is the fashion to call her haughty.

Gilbert was not so much in the way of pride and vainglory as his wife. His parents were quite plain people, and his only sister has taught in our public schools for twenty years. She is Principal of No. 2. His parents died when he was a lad, and Eugenia educated him. He began as an assistant of some sort in the bank, but he was quick and industrious and dependable, therefore he steadily rose. I think he was vain of his rapid rise, but it never spoiled his manners nor his sweet temper. Undoubtedly he had a genius for the banking business, and he would have risen higher yet in time.

Eugenia, his sister, has never married. She is not a beauty, like his wife; she is short and stout, and has never taken physical culture lessons like Mrs. Teller, so she does not know how to make the least of her disadvantages. But she is a good teacher and a good woman. I suppose most of the sympathy will run to the beautiful wife; but mine went, the first moment, to the plain, elderly sister; for at our age a bad fall may break the heart as well as the bones.

"WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR, BILLY?"

To divert the current of my thoughts I went to the window and glanced out on the alley, a common-place alley paved with brick save where a narrow strip of earth next the bank building is overrun with jimson-weed and woodbine; on one side the window a pile of brick; opposite, the shabby, outside stairways and platforms of a shabby city block. At ten o'clock in summer some one ought to have been out on those steps; some one ought to have seen the murderer climb in that window. Yet no one was there.

By this time the policeman and Billy were back, and before the policeman had got the whole story down and had commended me for not touching things, the Chief of Police had arrived, being summoned by telephone. He is a big, imperturbable German, who makes no pretensions as a detective; and when I lent him a set of Gaboriau, once, he returned it with the comment that "they done things different in France from the way they done 'em here"; which after all, in another form, is the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's opinion, also.

Our Chief makes no pretensions as a detective, but he is very successful in enforcing the dog-law, and is generally popular. He promptly adopted Billy's opinion. "Of course it ain't safe to be *sure*," said he, "but I guess they plugged him 'cause he wouldn't give the combination so's they could open the vault. Let's look round." Examination of the clothes and person of the dead man showed no signs of a struggle. His purse was gone and his pockets turned out, probably after his death. Examination of the bank vaults and safes showed that not a dollar had been taken. Examination of the windows showed that the bars were smeared over with black gamboge, such as is used to grease bicycle chains. It was the Chief's opinion that the bars had been sawed the night before and the work thus concealed.

The Coroner's jury gave the most natural verdict; namely, that Gilbert Teller had come to his death by means of a pistol fired by some persons or person unknown; and the bank Directors promptly offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the discovery of the murderers. Meanwhile all the Directors, two reporters and at least twenty depositors were at the bank. The reporters asked questions of everybody, and moused in the alley. Finally the jury got out of the room, and the President got the Directors out and we were left together. I had acted as stenographer for the Coroner and had been allowed to be present during the inquest.

"Now, Miss Lamont," said he, "can you stay?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You can send out for some coffee. I—I suppose you know what we have to do, you and I?" said he, ramming his hands into his pockets with a grunt.

"Yes, sir," said I.

I am really as good a book-keeper as any of them—an expert in a modest way, and this was not my first quiet inquiry into accounts. We spent the morning and part of the afternoon, looked down every likely dark passage, and found everything absolutely straight.

The Teller house is a little to one side of the rush of the town, near the street car lines but not on them, with a soft roll of hillside and fields for a background to its beautiful white Colonial walls, its gleaming white chimneys, and its noble half-circle of white portico. It is one of the show houses of town. Of course it is Mrs. Teller's. The Teller brougham was drawn up at the *porte-cochère*, and I saw Miss Teller enter it.

She walked more heavily than usual and bumped her head in the doorway. That caused her to look out, so she saw me. She beckoned, and I went towards her, but she met me half way. "It is very good of you to come," she said. Her face was swollen with crying, but she was perfectly composed. "Doris can't seem to bear to see anyone yet; she is stunned, I think, but she herself suggested seeing you. If—if you could get her to cry, Miss Lamont!"

I thought that they had chosen a queer minister of consolation in me, but I said I would do my best. I was aware that the Marvins (Mrs. Teller's cousins) looked at me curiously from one of the lower rooms; so did the maid who took me upstairs.

The room I entered was dim. It was a moment before I made out the outlines of a dressing-table, whereon the silver and ebony shone at me, and a white bed. Mrs. Teller was pacing the floor. She had been lying down, as was shown by her roughened hair and her tumbled white wrapper. In the dim light I could see no more than that her face was pale and drawn. She made a conventional apology for asking me to come.

"Eugenia told me I must ask you to have a bath and put on a thin dressing-sack. I dare say I shouldn't have thought of it."

I said I was quite comfortable—which I wasn't, for the air was like a mustard plaster, with all the shades close drawn.

"Then, will—will you tell me everything that has been done?" said she.

I was for giving her a general outline, but I discovered directly that would not answer; she wanted details—the minuter, the better. I couldn't make her out. She had not been weeping. She impressed me rather as a person who has received so paralyzing a shock that horror is her only sensation. Yet at the same time something impelled her to realize the situation. I had to tell her everything—how I found Teller, how the robber's pistol was on the floor, how the bars of the window were sawed. I knew she was in torture, but she would neither spare me nor herself. What was she after? I don't know. When I finished, she sat down and leaned her head back on the chair; her white throat gleamed in the dusk, and I wondered if she were going to faint. But she didn't faint; she tossed up her head like a horse responding to a spur.

"Then you are sure it was robbers?" said she. "They tried to get him to give the combination and he wouldn't. No, he wouldn't. Gilbert was very brave. I saw him run out in the road, once, and stop a runaway horse. He wouldn't surrender to them. You are sure that was how, aren't you?"

"Why, as Schlopkohl says, we can't be sure in such a case, but it looks like it!"

"Aren't you sure?" she cried, laying her hot fingers on my arm. From those fingers I should put her temperature at 104.

"Oh, of course," said I; "who else?"

Her hand dropped. I had a fleeting notion of touching it, but she spoke.

"Nobody else," said she; "and I shall offer a reward of five thousand dollars. How—how much money did the bank lose?"

"Not a cent," said I; "we went over everything; not a dollar—not a cent is gone from the bank." I can't be mistaken that there was a sharp intake of the breath, although she did not pause in her rapid walk.

"But—there were securities of his own, I believe; at least, he spoke about some." And I told her what the testimony was. She knit her brows; perhaps she did not quite comprehend; however, finally she nodded.

"Yes, we were looking at some securities; and Gilbert—Mr. Teller took them up with him to lock up in the bank."

"I trust the sum was not very great."

"Ten or fifteen thousand," she said wearily.

"If you could describe the securities——"

"I can't," she interrupted; "I don't remember anything now. I know my husband said they were easily negotiable. The—the Trustees will know. But, Miss Lamont, you have had a bad day, as well as others. I won't keep you. Thank you so much!"

She made a forlorn attempt at her society manner, that broke down when she took my hand. She sent a glance so appealing, so agonizing into my eyes, that I suddenly found myself patting her shoulder and saying: "There! there! Nobody can help you. But we all want to."

"You won't let them come upstairs and sit with me, will you?" she asked.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Susan can sit in the hall; that will be enough?"

I nodded, and asked a flying form in the hall, which would have scuttled away from me, if she was Susan. She confessed with a sob that she was, and that she was so worried about Mrs. Teller she *had* to listen.

"She won't let anybody sit with her, except Miss Eugenia; and she makes her go off, too, sometimes; and she don't cry or talk or anything—just walks and walks; and I've seen her wring her hands. I'm so scared about her. They were so awful fond of each other!"

I am of Susan's opinion: Mrs. Teller is in a bad way. Furthermore—but there are guesses too wild to write.

July 20. Only a record of failure. They have been at the mystery all the week; detectives and reporters and gossips. They have discovered half a dozen mysterious men that were in town that fatal day, and run them down, to find that they were common-place commercial travelers. They have not found the file or the saw which sawed the window-bars, or any other trace of the robbers. And they have only found in regard to the pistol that a number of firms in Chicago handle just such revolvers. No clue has been found to the missing securities "so easily negotiable." However, the sum lost is not more than fifteen thousand—not of vital importance to a rich woman like Mrs. Teller. Further there is not much to tell. Gilbert's will has been probated; he leaves only a small estate and a large life insurance, equally divided between his wife and his sister Eugenia.

I did not intend to go to the funeral, but I received an invitation and went with the other bank people. I caught only one glimpse of the widow. She walked out with Eugenia. Both of them were so wrapped in their veils one could not see their faces. The interment was private. Mrs. Teller and Eugenia rode together, and the Teller kindred and the Marvins and their wives filled the other carriages. They have been shaking their heads over Mrs. Teller ever since. She saw none of them for more than an instant, and she spent the entire night before the funeral alone in the room with the dead man. They whispered direful suspicions about poor Doris' mind, and they couldn't be thankful enough that Eugenia was to stay with her for the present.

I have no discoveries of my own to record. I don't assume it to be a discovery, the glance at a letter which came to the dead cashier the day after his death. It was postmarked Chicago, and I think I have seen that minute, clear hand before; but I inclosed it afresh and sent it to Mrs. Teller. Probably it contained nothing of importance—but she shall be the judge, no one else!

Poor Gilbert has become a hero. The preachers have preached sermons, the editors have written editorials, the reporters have surpassed the detectives in amazing theories of the manner of his taking off; the City Council has named a park after him, thereby securing a memorial fountain from his widow; and there are at least three new babies called Gilbert Teller. Yet all our pains and strains have come to naught so far as securing his slayers, who seem to have escaped unscathed with their booty. It promises to be another unsolved mystery.

July 29. I feel dizzy. This is what has happened. This morning—this Sunday morning—a note from Mrs. Teller was brought me. Only a few words in an unsteady hand: "I should be very grateful if you would come to see me for a little while, and I venture to send the carriage."

I went at once. I don't know exactly what I expected! Not what happened.

Mrs. Teller received me in her own room. There was a shocking change in her appearance. The mourning garb, especially widow's weeds, always must work a pathetic change; it always somberly admonishes the beholder of the sorrow which is the mortal portion of love, and of the sure ending of the faithfulest bliss. But in Doris Teller's face there was more than sorrow or even the utmost anguish of bereavement; it bore the brand of a cruel tormentor—fear. She was pale as white rose leaves, haggard, with new lines scored in her forehead, and gray hairs among her beautiful brown ones; she had a hunted expression; she started at every rustle of the greenery of the window garden; she couldn't keep either her hands or her eyes still—in short, she was mortally afraid of something.

"You are very good to come," was her greeting. Then we sat down and faced each other in a dumb embarrassment.

She spoke first: "Miss Lamont, I want to ask you a question: Do crazy people ever talk of their own affairs—ever tell their secrets?"

"I believe they do, but I don't know much about it," I replied.

"Then it is better to tell one person who can be trusted than grow crazy and tell every one, isn't it?"

"I guess it is—if you are sure of your person."

"The person is you," she answered. "Gilbert said—oh, so often!—that you were as discreet as a quicksand. That's why I'm telling you. Will you promise me never, under any circumstances, to any human being——"

"You had better confide it to Miss Teller," I interrupted. Somehow I recoiled from what might prove a sinister dilemma in morals.

"Oh, I can't!" she cried with a shudder. "Any one else! I must keep it from her at any cost. . . . Are you afraid? I thought—I used to think in the club—that you liked me."

"I did, though I didn't suppose I showed it. If you honor me with your confidence it will be quite safe with me."

She drew a deep sigh of relief.

"It is good of you," she continued. "Do you mind if I walk? It comes easier to talk when I am walking." She looked drearily about the chamber. "I suppose I have walked miles in this room during the last month."

Her next words came before I could think of a sympathetic phrase. How wooden I must seem to her!

"All I have to tell you is a kind of a dream. But it is driving me mad!"

Still I found no word to say, but sat like a block.

"You know"—all the while she was pacing the room and never looking at me—"you know how very kind and good Mr. Teller was, and you know how great was his business ability. He was affectionate, too—so devoted to his friends; he would do anything to help a friend—make any sacrifice. It isn't strange that I should worship him, for I did, I do! I'm not criticising him; I have the fullest confidence in him"—she turned of a sudden, and her smouldering eyes, for the first time and the last in the interview, met mine full—"whatever it is, I know there was a good reason. And that is why it is so awful to—to have had this dream."

Nothing reassuring to say occurred to me.

"It came the night—that night. He was going to Chicago, and I felt no uneasiness. Indeed, I felt happy because he had been unusually lovely to me and talked about how happy I made him. He said he felt ashamed that he had not saved more; but he was too generous to save—you know that?"

I did know it, and I said so.

"Do you mind if I walk? It comes easier to talk when I am walking"

"'But I have piled on the life insurance this week,' he said, and I wouldn't let him talk of such dismal things. I don't know why I talk about them now; but my thoughts escape me. That's what makes me frightened, you know. I think something and I find I have spoken it. It scares me so! Was I telling you—yes, it was a dream. I wasn't frightened or worried when I went to bed. I fell asleep at once, but I awoke. I was wide awake. Why, I saw the furniture in the room, and the electric light flickering on the sheet at the foot of the bed. I wasn't unhappy, only a little lonesome. I looked at the shadows and thought how exquisite they were. And then slowly there grew on me a terror which I can't describe. I wanted to go—I didn't know where. But, directly, I was going. I went through the walls of the house as if they were a mirage. Of course it was a dream; but it didn't *seem* a dream. I remember thinking: 'Then the theosophists are right, and there is an astral body.' In the dream I went to an alley behind the bank. I don't know whether there is such an alley; but I seemed to be there. On one side was the big bank block and on the other a dingy rear of a three-story block and some sagging outside wooden staircases. The alley was paved with brick except a narrow strip under one window of the bank where there was a cluster of weeds and woodbine. The weeds had a rank, damp smell. A man's figure stood under the window. He knelt down, and I saw he had a hatchet in his hand with which he chopped at the ground. He chopped a deep hole, and next he drove something narrow and dark into the hole. It must have been of metal, because he pounded it in, just as you would pound a nail. When it was clean out of sight he shoveled the dirt back with the blade of the hatchet and then put the sod back with the greatest care and drew the woodbine over it all. At this moment the clock in the city hall struck two. He sprang to his feet and turned his face. There was a look—I can't describe the misery of it, for—for—Miss Lamont, it was my husband's face I saw!

"I tried to run to him; it seemed as if he must see me, but he turned again and swung himself up the wall into the open window. As he disappeared I made an effort that was like tearing my soul out of my body. 'Gilbert!' I screamed, 'don't do it!' He looked directly at me with a startled look. 'I must, darling,' he said. I tried to answer him, but he faded away, and I found myself here, sitting up in bed and stretching out my arms, and the tears streaming down my cheeks. And while I sat there, in that dreadful daze that follows a nightmare, the hall clock struck two. Oh, I was so frightened! But I told myself I was a fool; it was only a dream. But—I dream it every night now. The doctor gives me medicine, and I dream that! And it will drive me crazy or make me kill myself. Yesterday night I said, 'I shall tell some one without knowing. I mustn't tell any one; he mightn't understand, and might think—think wrong things about Gilbert; so it is better I go to find Gilbert and ask him about the dream.' I took the medicine the doctor gives—he gives it to Susan so I sha'n't take an overdose, but Susan can sleep—I took it in my hand. I knew it was wicked, but that didn't seem to make any difference. But just as I lifted the bottle to drink I heard Eugenia cough, and I couldn't do it. I couldn't leave her to be all alone, for she is fond of me; and I thought of the fuss and the talk, and maybe blaming poor Susan, who is a faithful soul. I hesitated, and like a sudden flash of lightning I remembered you——"

"Sit down!" said I. I had listened in a kind of panic, but I got hold of myself. "Sit here," said I.

Not impulsively, but with deliberation, I drew her down beside me on the lounge and put my arm about her waist. That beautiful figure of hers is as supple and yielding as it looks stately. There was no pride in her lovely, miserable eyes, or in the voice that cried: "Oh, you *will* tell me what to do?"

Then—not because of any nonsense of admiration or pity, but because I don't intend to let her go crazy if I can prevent it—I kissed her and said: "Now, my dear, let us be reasonable. I believe this dream is like any other dream; and I think I can convince you of it."

Were I not of a very unimpressionable nature I should have been moved by the grateful look she gave me and the clinging pressure of her white hands on my arm.

"First," said I deliberately, "you are impressed with the alley; there is such an alley, but you have probably driven through it, not noticing. You know the psychologists hold that no picture on the brain is ever erased; it is only obscured. Sometime you doubtless saw that alley and forgot that you saw it. There is such an alley—in fact, there are numerous such alleys——"

"With the pile of bricks, and the strip of ground, and the woodbine?"

"Well, maybe not; but those things you see as you go down the street and pass the alley; it is easy enough to dream of them.

"Now, come to the second point: If there is one thing settled in the dream, it is that it happened at two in the morning; the watch that stopped shows that what happened in the bank happened at sixteen minutes past ten at night."

"Couldn't the watch have stopped itself before—run down or—something?"

"They looked. It wasn't run down. Besides, he was going on the half-past ten train; it is five minutes' walk from the bank to the station, so it must have been just before the time when he would naturally start. But now come to the main point. If there is anything in that dream, there is now buried in that jimson patch in the alley—something; if we dig up the patch and find nothing, there is no doubt that the dream is nothing more than any dream that is of no consequence or import at all; is there?"

"No," she murmured, and let her head drop on my shoulder. I have already explained why I should smooth her hair. Possibly it was a touch of supererogation to kiss it; but it was so pretty. She pulled my hand down and kissed it, saying, "How good you are! How good you are!" She didn't at once ask how I expected to dig up the alley unobtrusively; when she did ask, my plan was ready—and simple. I am always planting flowers; I would plant a few pansies and roses in that little plot.

She told me this time, "How clever you are!" and then she said some foolish, fond things that I suppose women say at such times, not meaning them. I dare say she is grateful. As for me, I am thankful to be back here with an hour or two in which to gather my wits together.

Is it only a dream? I wonder what was in that letter from the broker. I know the writer is a broker. I know Teller has had other letters from him. Did he get into a hole and use the bank money to help him out, and get worse and worse in the mire, and then square the bank accounts by hypothecating her securities? Her fortune is tied up tight, and one of the Trustees is a man who once wanted to marry her, gossips declare. The court met the second week in July, and a report would be due; and the Trustees would have to look up things beforehand, and this man may have suspected something. Gilbert was vain, poor lad; he may have foreseen exposure and disgrace before his wife and his wife's old sweetheart, if not before the world. It is not impossible that he would prefer death to that dishonor. He may have persuaded himself that he was sparing his wife, when he was really a coward for himself. The apparent marks of robbery and murder were all easily simulated. He could give him the time which the dream would indicate he took, easily saw the bars, after the people opposite were in bed. The watch stopped at ten, the gamboge on the bars, the other pistol; all these were for the same end. By hours of agony and waiting and planning he shifted his own guilt on to the imaginary shoulders of an unreal robber and saved his wife's adoring love at the cost of his life. People do these things sometimes. For months I have suspected that the cashier was carrying a load of anxiety of some sort—ever since the day the boy made a mistake and carried his mail to the President. He was agitated beyond his power of control, and the fit of irritation that vented itself on the boy came from fear, and not temper.

July 31. Here is the last entry. Then I shall seal this up with the other stories, all marked "*To be burned unopened.*" I wonder will my executor, Mr. Maynard—whom I can trust—puzzle over the thick packet and think it contains relics of a submerged romance. Maybe I shall burn them all myself before that time comes. I think I shall burn this, anyway.

There is only one interview more to set down. I went this evening straight from the bank to Mrs. Teller's, and when we were alone, "I planted my flowers to-day," said I, "in the alley. Mr. Maynard thought it a pretty notion. He gave me the rosebushes."

She was trembling all over.

"I dug up the place myself," I said. "I went all over the narrow little strip, for there is a narrow little strip, not exactly like what you described but something like it; I went all over it. And—there was nothing there. Then the men spaded it all up. *There was nothing there.*"

She flung her arms about my neck and burst into tears. "Oh, thank God!" she sobbed. "Oh, how good, how good you are! Do you know, last night I slept all night!"

And my conscience will never compel me to confess to her that early in the morning, all alone, before the others came, I went to the plot of jimson and woodbine, and deep down in the earth, driven like a nail, was the saw that did the work—which never will bear witness against that unknown worker, for it lies now in the bed of the Mississippi River!

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL

A Clear Explanation by Shrewd Business Men

ROBERT C. OGDEN, upon whose able shoulders rests the executive responsibility of John Wanamaker's great New York establishment, is of opinion, based on forty-odd years' experience in the employment of young men, that all the causes contributive to failure in a business career are embraced in a single comprehensive negative quality: lack of thoroughness—that paucity of intellect which begets the perfunctory performance of duty and deprives the hand of dominating skill. Perhaps no man in the dry-goods trade is better qualified to speak convincingly on the subject of why men fail than Mr. Ogden, and this is what he says about that very important question:

R. C. OGDEN ON LACK OF THOROUGHNESS

Failure to achieve success in business, the falling short of great desires and high aims on the part of young men, is traceable to one primal cause—the absence of thoroughness. In the race for supremacy in all commercial undertakings, nine out of every ten men either fail absolutely or become nonentities, not because they lack ambition, not because the proper opportunities for advancement have not come to them, not because they have not received the best educational advantages or are handicapped by poor health, but because they have never been at the pains to master completely the thing that has been given them to do. The world is overcrowded with men, young and old, who remain stationary, filling minor positions and drawing meagre salaries, simply because they have never thought it worth while to achieve mastery in the pursuits they have chosen to follow. Mostly, this is so because the average young man fears hard work, and would rather drift with the tide of circumstances than pull against it.

Everywhere I see mentally near-sighted young men discontented because of their small incomes, and chafing under the burden of their humdrum duties, wondering all the while why others are advanced and they are left behind, but never for an instant opening their eyes to the real fact that they have taken hold of their business with but half a heart and no mind except for what is just beyond the hour's need.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO CAN DO ANYTHING

The crying curse of our land at the present time is its vast army of incompetents, and its lack of workers who know their business from the ground up. For every thoroughly informed and competent salesman who has sought employment at my hands there have been a hundred who were of mediocre ability or down-right incapacity. There are too many young men who are content to remain among the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," because they will not step beyond the beaten path to acquire thoroughness.

Almost every working day in the year I am called upon to receive some young man who comes to me highly recommended for a position in our establishment. The letters of introduction these applicants bring me are usually of a stereotyped form, in which some well-meaning pastor or person of influence is certain that "young Mr. Smith will prove a great acquisition to your business," or that "Mr. Brown, with his superior intellect and many accomplishments, will undoubtedly be a valuable aid in some one of the more responsible berths at your disposal." My questions to such applicants are somewhat in this vein:

"What can you do?"

"Oh, I can do anything, Mr. Ogden. I am an all-around man, and have filled many responsible positions."

"Can you take charge of our silk department and buy to advantage in the open market as well as sell in our store?"

"Well, no. I do not understand the details of buying silks."

"Can you go down in our shipping department and take charge of the general freighting of goods, or direct our city deliveries?"

"I have been a shipping clerk, but I am afraid I couldn't quite take all the responsibility of the shipping department."

"Perhaps you can assume the management of our interior decorations department and suggest to patrons harmonious color schemes for floor, walls and draperies?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that, sir. I can sell carpets and wall paper, but I don't understand interior decorating."

And it all ends in placing the name of the applicant on our waiting list as an ordinary salesman, if he is thought to be worth employing at all. They all know something about everything, but only once in many cases do I find a man who knows everything about some one thing. The man who is the square peg in the round hole is the rule; the thorough master of a trade or branch of business is the rare exception that proves the rule. Education, breeding, even a high order of intelligence, curiously enough, are no guarantee that their possessor will achieve success. Lacking the capacity for doing his best with a thoroughness beyond all criticism, the most gifted young man in the universe will fail and fall into the ranks of second-class plodders.

SAVING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS BY PENMANSHIP

In my experience I have found that in so small a thing as penmanship the average young business man is astoundingly deficient. If I could get clerks who wrote a uniformly rapid and legible hand, I could in the course of a year save hundreds of dollars arising from blunders due to careless writing. It is easy to find men who write with a beautiful flourish, but the man who writes legibly under all conditions and at all times is as rare as hen's teeth.

Take the average stenographer: he is usually an expert in the transcription of phonetic signs, but he is more often a perfect ass in making grammatical, well-phrased and correctly punctuated English of the necessarily hurried dictation of his busy employer. There is no department of human activity in business or the professions where failure is not due to lack of thoroughness.

There is one man in my employ to-day who began his business career at the same time I launched out from school (and that, as one may read in my whitening hair, was many years ago) who has not stepped forward one inch on the road to success. This man has a fine brain, and keeps abreast of current events. He is sober, honest and courteous, but he has never earned a higher salary than fifteen dollars a week, and all because he is a Jack of all trades and master of none. He is shifted about from one department to another in a vain endeavor to find the one in which he will prove himself of greatest value. He has lived the life of a mere automaton and does things mechanically. Other men of one-third his number of years can tell him more about his own business in half an hour than he would care to listen to. An old man, he is still dissatisfied with his lot, but will not remedy it by acquiring a thorough knowledge of some one branch of the dry-goods trade. It is pitiful, but not inexplicable. To the young man who would rise in the world I have but one word of caution—be thorough, if you do not want to be numbered among the world's failures.

WHERE WE COULD LEARN FROM OUR ANCESTORS

I think our American spirit of restlessness has much to do with personal failure. The fever to gain riches and honors in a hurry leads to a slurring of work and a laxity of morals. We have too little of the stubbornness of purpose of our early ancestors. Modern life is almost a game of touch and go. We are striving continually to accomplish more than we are built to accomplish; the end-of-the-century business man is a two-horse-power engine trying to do the work of a freight locomotive. The tendency of the average young man is to fly before he has learned to crawl. He will quote you Emerson's phrase, "hitch your wagon to a star," but he forgets that one must first get near enough to his particular star before the hitching process can be accomplished. There is one kind of ambition that works only for evil, and that is the kind of ambition which says, "I will succeed at once. Let those who have to, plod along. I will go straight to the mark." Nothing but purest lolly could dictate such a procedure of conduct for a young man. Failure, after all, is merely the leaving undone, or badly done, those things which should have been done, and done thoroughly.

M. W. RAYENS' EXPLANATION

M. W. Rayens is the General Superintendent of the American District Telegraph Company, of New York, and one of the best known men in his business. Among his other large responsibilities he is directly in control of 1500 telegraph messengers, youths ranging from fifteen to twenty years of age. The majority of these young men are much above the average in intelligence, and all are ambitious and alert. Superintendent Rayens has seen hundreds of young men go into the messenger service, advance step by step, and rise from humble things to great ones in the business world. He has likewise witnessed many failures—the kind of youth that goes up like a rocket and comes down like the stick. Himself a graduate from the ranks of the uniformed messenger boy, Mr. Rayens is a living example of what patience, perseverance and the other homely virtues will do for a young man. When he touches upon the causes of failure and success it is with the voice of authority speaking out of a ripe experience. These are his words:

STRUGGLES ON LIFE'S HIGHWAY

The absence of self-reliance is one of the chief defects of character in young men, and largely the contributing cause of their failure in the business world. They fall into an aimless come-day, go-day existence, forgetting that in the continuous march of humanity the procession of the successful is ever moving onward, until finally, away off in the distance is heard the dying echo of the music. The leaders are in the band wagon, and nothing is left for the straggler except, perhaps, a regret that the universe cannot be turned back, that he might live life over again. Such young men would always be dependent on others and not on themselves. There are those who start out with good prospects and a fair education, yet fail to fulfill the promise of their youth. The awakening of young manhood, its joys, sorrows, pleasures, the world's frivolities and contact with men bring changes unthought of in early youth. It is then more than ever that the young man needs prudence, discretion and the faculty of discrimination.

Foresight and intelligence go hand in hand, and lack of them is frequently a fruitful source of failure. Combined, they should make a young man capable of succeeding in any business, provided, of course, that he is not discouraged by obstacles, and knows no such word as fail. What are called brilliant failures, such as some of our recent "Napoleons of finance," are born failures, as a rule. The brilliancy of veneer, the shallow coating, is easily detected.

THE SUCCESS THAT PRESAGED FAILURE

Of the wrecks of which the shores of the sea of commercial life are strewn I recall notably one instance.

A youth in the employ of the company with which I am identified was honest, industrious and naturally bright. He was advanced from one position to another, until he reached his majority. He rose step by step until he was placed in charge of one of the most important branches of the telegraphic service. He married the girl he had loved from childhood. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of employers and friends. But with the cultivation of new acquaintances, the hail-fellow-well-met side of his nature developed. The horses, yachts, and all that go with such life followed. He had set for himself the pace that kills, although he was frequently warned and advised that he was in the way of destroying what he had built. Inattention to business resulted in the loss of position, and a separation from the practically deserted wife followed. To-day he is a wreck financially and physically, and his former so-called friends avoid being seen in his company.

INTEMPERANCE AND DISHONESTY FOES OF SUCCESS

That intemperance is one of the greatest known causes of failure of young men is unquestionable. It is the bane of the human race. Anything that will destroy, even temporarily, the power to use the intuitive faculties and the judgment, is an appalling evil, and, unfortunately, it is an evil that is largely prevalent.

Dishonesty, too, is a great factor in failure. Somebody has said: "If you have the name of being an early riser, you may sleep as long as you like." To my mind that homely saying strikes the keynote to reputation and character. Reputation is acquired early in life, and a reputation for dishonesty will follow a man to the grave, and beyond.

But while there can be no excuse for dishonesty, it not infrequently develops, and is even acquired by a young man, owing to the want of circumspection, and the carelessness on the part of employers, or those in authority over him. Youth is prone to be led into temptation. Confidence born of efficiency and brightness is apt to be too often reposed, by employers, in young men who may have the handling of money. Defalcations and disgrace follow. Such young men might still be good citizens and above reproach if they knew that it would be impossible to make a first wrong step without discovery, and that their books and cash were under proper supervision.

To sum up, a young man who would achieve success should have an object in view, an honest ambition to succeed and prove himself the right man. The late Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, often repeated the saying of another wise man, who said: "If you find it crowded down below, come up here; there is always room on top." But it is well to remember that it is easier to fall off when you are "on top" than when you are climbing up, and the results are likely to prove more serious. Doctor Green's successor, General Thomas T. Eckert, than whom no greater telegraph man ever lived, said: "There is always a way. Make a study of men, especially self-made men. A fool never went to bed to wake and find himself famous. Be thrifty, but not parsimonious; charitable, but just. Make your word as good as your bond, and both above par."

SAMUEL SLOAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH YOUNG MEN

Samuel Sloan, President of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, is one of the foremost figures in the commercial life of New York. Far advanced in years, he is still as active as any young man in his employ, and is to be found at his desk every working day in the year. Mr. Sloan has been an observer of the rise of many young men from obscure places to positions of honor in the railroad world, and a mournful spectator of many failures. His views as to the root of failure have an added value, coming as they do from one whose career is coeval with the advancement of the business of transportation. Says Mr. Sloan:

Failure springs from the indifference of young men to the details of their work and their desire to grasp success before they have earned the right to its possession. Success may be explained in a few words; failure is so complex, and has so many causes that its definition is difficult.

Dishonesty spells failure for any young man. Intemperance means disgrace and ultimate poverty for the most promising youth. Lack of industry leads to every kind of non-success and is twin-brother to most evils known in the spheres of commerce. No one wants a lazy horse or an uncertain engine; how much less should any employer want a lazy man. Men who do their work indifferently are a drug in the market, and always will be.

The youth who weaves for himself a garland in which are entwined the cardinal business virtues—integrity, sobriety, cheerfulness and industry—will find himself wearing a crown of gold in mature manhood. The prizes of life are for the real participants in the great arena of business. The onlookers must be content with very small rewards, if any. Nature has wisely decreed that none but the fittest shall survive in the physical world and in the world of work.

FAILURE, LIKE VIRTUE, ITS OWN REWARD

Given a determination to "get there," and the continuing zeal to keep everlastingly at the main task of his life, no young man will live to grieve over misfortune. The requisites of success and the causes of failure are the same in the business of railroading as they are in every other department of human endeavor. Failure, as has been said of virtue, is its own reward.

I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea. It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the wisdom of the Bible and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truths and he cannot go far wrong in his every-day life. Fortified by a sound, moral self-training the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on Why Young Men Fail, by well-known business men. The second article will appear in an early number.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Yale's New Millionaire Secretary

Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., the new Secretary of Yale University, was the first man appointed to an important place by President Hadley. Mr. Stokes is twenty-five years old, and was a graduate of the class of 1896. His father is the multi-millionaire of Lenox and New York, who was recently injured by being thrown from his horse, and the new Secretary was born on his father's handsome old-fashioned residence at New Brighton, Staten Island, overlooking New York Bay, when that island was the home of many of Gotham's Four Hundred.

Mr. Stokes, Jr., is very tall, picturesquely plain, soft of speech, hard of muscle, and amiable of disposition. After his graduation he entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He will be ordained a priest within the next three years. He has still one year in the Seminary; this he will finish before beginning his University work, which he does not intend to allow to interfere with his ministry. He will take charge of a parish in or near New Haven, and divide his time between the demands of the two positions.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES, Jr.

In college Mr. Stokes was noted for several things. In the first place, he was one of the richest undergraduates in the University. He was prominent in New Haven social life, and still took high rank in his class. He was a Delta Kappa Epsilon and "Skull and Bones." He was also Fence Orator, Class Deacon, and President of the Yale Civil Service Reform Club. He took a Phi Beta Kappa stand in his studies, was a member of the debating team that defeated Harvard, carried off the Thatcher prize, and won Junior Exhibition prize and the DeForest medal. And, to cap it all, he was the President of the Yale News Board. He could not have won more honors if he had been a poor man's son.

But it was in religious work that Mr. Stokes was most active. He conducted a Bible class each week, and was Chairman of the Bible Study Committee. During his four years at Yale he was a potent factor for order and discipline among his fellow-students. He used his influence always to prevent the customary conflict between members of the higher and lower classes. One of his brothers was graduated from Yale in the class of '92, and another from Harvard in '91.

How They Rewarded Madame Sterling in India

Madame Antoinette Sterling, the contralto singer and evangelist, had an experience in the Bombay Presidency, India, which is as quaint as any of Kipling's tales of the hills. She was campaigning with Pundita Ramabai, and through her magnificent voice was drawing thousands of natives to her meetings. They had never seen that kind of a missionary before, and had never heard a voice like hers. They were so pleased with her work that they said to themselves:

"This is a foreign woman *guru*, and for fear of giving offense to us she has omitted to put her begging-bowl outside of her door for us to put in the customary contributions."

In India, every *guru* or holy person carries a brass, wood or clay begging-bowl into which the devout put some small sum of money. Madame Sterling walked out upon the veranda of her bungalow one morning, and there, to her amazement, found two begging-bowls. One, a little one, with a few annas in it intended for the Pundita, and one, an enormous affair, containing a handsome sum of annas and rupees for herself.

The only explanation she could ever extract from the servant was this: "Little bowl—little money for the little Pundita with little voice. Big bowl—big money for big Missahib with big voice."

Madame Sterling was one of the principal speakers among the American women at the International Council recently held in London.

Major Hayes' Inherited Luck in War

An interesting war story was told recently by a man who took part in a meeting on board the steamer Sylvia coming from Porto Rico to New York. The chief speaker in the party was Major Webb C. Hayes, son of the late President, who has been recently made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-first Infantry. Beside him sat Captain Paget, the British Military Attaché, and a third was a Western newspaper man. They had been speaking of luck in war, and the Major remarked:

"I don't know whether I'm lucky or unlucky. I've been in a number of battles and in every one I've been wounded or had my horse wounded. None of my wounds, however, has been grave enough to disable me permanently."

Captain Paget, who has witnessed or taken part in twenty wars, said: "I suppose that I'm rather lucky, because I've had very much the same experience and am alive to-day, while most of my old colleagues have passed away."

The Western editor spoke up: "In the Major's case I think it's heredity. I knew his father, the President, during the Civil War, where he was one of the bravest Generals. He was certainly unlucky in many things, but very lucky in not being killed. He frequently led forlorn hopes or maintained desperate defenses in which the loss of life was appalling, but he came out without a scratch. He told me once of an experience in the Lynchburg campaign which I shall never forget.

"The Unionists had been out-numbered and probably outmanœuvred, and were falling back, pursued by the Confederates. Hayes was ordered to hold the enemy in check in a narrow valley until the artillery and supply wagons were safe. He promptly entrenched himself and erected barricades of logs and stone fences. He had General Hastings to hold one side of the gorge and Major William McKinley, now President, to hold the other, while he took personal charge of the centre. The night wore on and soon the firing began.

"Suddenly General Hayes saw men wounded and staggering in front of one of his barricades, and in the darkness took them for his own soldiers. He ordered the firing to cease, and ran himself out of the lines to save them as far as he could. A few feet from a cannon he heard a man moaning. He picked him up and carried him within the lines and said gently in the dark:

"'My boy, what regiment do you belong to?'

"The man gasped: 'I'm one of Early's brigade.'

"The General had run into a body of Confederate troops, and had he been known the history of the Republic might have been changed."

A Huckleberry Pie as a Birthday Gift

Colonel G. B. M. Harvey, the editor and owner of the North American Review, has had an eventful career. He started life a farmer's boy, and rose step by step to his present position. He was a reporter upon the Springfield Republican, and had won the esteem of the management by the fidelity and efficiency with which he had covered a number of suburbs known as the "Huckleberry District."

On his birthday the city editor sent for him. "Young man," he said, "you have been a good suburbanite, and have given more satisfaction to the paper, the Huckleberry District and the Huckleberries than any one we ever had before. This is your birthday, and we want to celebrate it by presenting you with the finest huckleberry pie that Springfield can produce."

Upon the crust of the pie was worked the dates of his birth and anniversary, "1864-1883." Before the pie was consumed Harvey had accepted an offer in Chicago at more than twice his former salary.

When Blaine was Cornered by Kimberley

It is said that the only time James G. Blaine was nonplused was while he was Secretary of State. One of the applicants for a Consulate in Japan was the late Samuel Kimberley, of Baltimore, who died in the service in Central America. After he had presented his credentials Mr. Blaine said:

"I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?"

"Cert-t-tainly, Mr. B-Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberley. "A-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-a-answer you."

Mr. Blaine hadn't a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America.

Another story is told of Kimberley equally creditable to his nimble wit. One day he met a young woman who threw her arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. Seeing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked:

"Aren't you Mr. Jones?"

"N-n-no, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing; "I'm n-n-not, but I w-w-wish to thunder I w-w-was."

Unwittingly Answering His Own Query

Rev. Cortland Myers has just published, through a New York firm, a little book entitled, Why Men Do Not Go to Church, and it brings up a passage-at-arms which occurred between him and General Horace Porter at a Washington's Birthday banquet given in New York. The clergyman was called upon for a speech, and getting warmed up in his subject, did not notice the flight of time until he was called to order by the presiding officer. He looked at his watch and saw that he had taken an hour, although the speakers had been limited to fifteen minutes.

ANTOINETTE STERLING

He apologized to the audience and remarked: "Over in Brooklyn I am accustomed to speak for a long time to my congregation, and I often take two hours."

General Porter was the next speaker, and he opened his address by saying: "The explanation of our reverend friend gives a complete answer to that hitherto mysterious question why Brooklyn people refuse to patronize their churches."

Governor "Blue Jeans" Williams and the Hat

When James Voorhees, prominent in Washington as the actor, author, sculptor, statesman, son of the late Senator from Indiana, was private secretary to Governor "Blue Jeans" Williams, of Indiana, General Manson once came into the Governor's office. General Manson was Auditor of the State. He died not long ago in Terre Haute. He was short but corpulent, bald of head but long of beard, which latter was white and reached to the middle of his waistcoat.

The Governor was nearly seven feet tall, as lank as Lincoln, with long, bony hands, odd-sized feet and large ears. He was always clad in blue jeans, grown, spun, woven, dyed and made on his own farm near Vincennes. His chief fame was his economy and the fact that he had defeated General Harrison for the office. The General was a typical Western man of the world, an ex-Congressman, and he knew life. The Governor was a farmer by profession and Congressman and Governor by accident.

The day that the General visited the Governor's office he asked a political favor for a friend. The Governor hesitated, and at length refused. Thereupon the General picked up a hat, pulled it down over his ears and stumped out of the room in rage. When he reached his own office he said:

"I tell you, boys, the old man says 'No.' That's what comes of electing a man Governor who wears a No. 5 hat and No. 9 shoes. Bah!"

At this moment young Mr. Voorhees came in, suave, soft-spoken and smooth.

"General Manson," he said, "the Governor desires me to present his compliments to you, and he begs me to say that he is always glad to welcome you to his office. You may have your choice of chairs, and put your feet on any desk you please, but he draws the line on you wearing off his new hat."

"What!" exclaimed the General, as he slipped off the soft hat which fitted him so loosely.

It was even so.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's Book Monopoly

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott spends much of his spare time, when in New York, in one of the deep alcoves in the old Astor Library, where the table in front of him is littered with books and strewn with papers. The attendants all know him, and his wants are never neglected. When the Doctor is at work he buries himself in his book, his gray hairs almost hidden by the volume, and as long as he reads he is dead to the rest of the world.

LYMAN ABBOTT

Not long ago another industrious bookworm visited the library and called for a certain book.

"I think Doctor Abbott has it," replied the clerk. It was so, and the student was forced to take up another line of investigation, very much against his will.

Soon afterward still another man came in and went over to the alcove in which the Doctor and his rival sat. He called for no book, but was merely looking around aimlessly.

"Looking for a book?" asked the rival.

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"Well," he added slowly and sternly, "if you are looking for any book, that man over there (pointing to the Doctor) has it, and he will keep it, sir, for a whole year."

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

The Czar's American Driving Teacher.—George J. Fuller, the trotting-horse expert, who sailed for Russia a short time ago, will have the pleasant task of teaching the Czar how to manage the trotting horse. He has been especially engaged by the Russian Government to instruct the Army and the Royal family. Mr. Fuller is a veteran of the Civil War, and is well over sixty years old. He said to a sportsman before leaving: "I know nearly every trotting horse in the country, and I think they all know me."

Reminded the Senator of Home.—Senator William E. Mason, of Illinois, spent the larger part of his summer vacation at York, Maine, on the seacoast. Here he proved himself a skillful and successful fisherman. His favorite ground was off a ledge running from the mainland out into the ocean, where nearly every day he captured many perch and sunfish. One day luck did not favor him. He sat patiently an hour or more waiting for a bite. Suddenly he felt something on his hook, and pulling it in with a vigorous hand, was rewarded by a poor little tin can covered with rust and seaweed. As he took it from the hook he said: "Humph, I could have done far better in the Chicago River!"

Kipling's Gift to His Physician.—Dr. James Conland, of Brattleboro, Vermont, feels himself to be the richest man in his part of the country. He is the Kipling family physician, and he accompanied Mr. Kipling in his various trips to the Great Banks when the famous author was getting information for his Captains Courageous. The other day Mr. Kipling made his doctor a present of the original manuscript.

An Unauthorized Dig at Germany.—Chief Justice W. L. Chambers, of Samoa, who figured so prominently in the late German-American unpleasantness, recently arrived in San Francisco. His visit East will include a four-months' trip through the country and a short stay in Washington. One of the marines who was in the Samoan bombardment described the affair as Chambers and Great Britain against Germany. He says that after the American Government stepped in and put the rightful chief in charge of the Imperial affairs a sign appeared outside of Chambers' place, which annoyed the Chief Justice greatly. It ran:

> "The compliments of the Americans to the German Government. Uncle Sam rules, and there'll be no more beheading and head-hunting."

A Practical Criticism.—Science meets occasionally with humorous rebuffs. Professor Helen Campbell, who until a year ago occupied the chair of Domestic Economics in the Kansas University, lectured one evening before a literary society in an out-of-the-way town. At the end of the address one of the committee, a tall, gaunt woman, said aloud:

"Well! I thought I was going to learn something, but it was just a lot of ordinary housekeeping mixed up with long words nobody could understand!"

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Lesson of the Dreyfus Drama

How much better we do things now than in the old days. In spite of all that is wrong, most things are making for peace, justice and better living.

Take a bad case first. For instance, France, the sport of the phrase-makers. She has graduated from the duello to assassination, they say—from "honorable" murder to secret infamy. But is this just? It is true that France in recent years has lost good men—victims of assassination. But France has known assassination all through her existence.

Just now France is judged by the Dreyfus case, which, while hardly ranking with some of the tragedies of the hundred years, is called the crime of the century. Since it began, in September, 1894, enough has been written and published about it to fill thousands of volumes of the size of an unabridged dictionary. It is a literature of itself, full of fact, fancy, virtue and crime. Broadly stated, the truth is this: There was in the French Staff corruption by which officers who were living beyond their means were making money illegitimately. Captain Alfred Dreyfus did not have this temptation, because he was well-to-do; but being the only Jew in that circle, he became the victim of the race prejudice which exists in Paris to a degree that can hardly be appreciated in this country. To convict him, documents were forged, his trial was secret, his degradation pre-arranged, his voyage to the prison island mapped out. It was as neat a piece of inhumanity as was ever planned, and it had the theatrical points of the typical French *coup*.

But instead of being a complete drama, it was only the first act. The real interest came afterward—the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry, who forged some of the documents; the flight of Count Esterhazy, who admitted his own infamy; the resignation of Ministers and Cabinets; but best of all, the manifestation of real courage and manhood in the French character. Colonel Picquart, the custodian of the secret documents, finding them forged, risked life and happiness for the truth. Zola quit digging in the mud with his pen and climbed to a really noble height of self-sacrifice. Labori, defending him, and refusing pay, achieved one of the greatest reputations of the generation. Demange, Dreyfus' lawyer, worked steadily for justice. M. Scheurer-Kestner faced failure and hatred in pleading for revision in the Senate. M. Casimir-Perier resigned the Presidency of France, and refused to further the plans of such men as Generals Mercier and Zurlinden, two of the mightiest enemies of Dreyfus.

Justice found champions, and although the way was long, it went steadily on. Remember, please, that these men, and back of them thousands of others, worked and fought and sacrificed, not because they cared anything for Dreyfus personally, but simply and purely for justice. This was a splendid thing, and there was another. Suppose that this had happened fifty years, or even twenty years ago; does any one imagine that Dreyfus would have been allowed to live four years, even, on that prison island? French history will give the answer.

The moment that the great Court of Cassation gave Dreyfus a new trial French justice got a better character, and the day Dreyfus returned to France civilization drew another safeguard around human life. It may be that individuals suffered—as in the infamous attack on Labori—and that others will suffer, but the gain to life and liberty was unquestionable. The Dreyfus case was long unfolding, but it was a vast improvement on the old style of quick political murder.

The Few Deaths of a Short War and Enlistments for New Regiments

The more we look back upon our little war with Spain the greater the satisfaction grows, not necessarily from the fact itself, but from the manner in which we managed it. We actually behaved better to our common enemy than we did to ourselves in the civil conflict. Since mankind began to fight, it is estimated that 6,860,000,000 men have perished on the field of battle. It is some consolation to know how few our last war contributed to this incredible total. The official figures since the war began, in May, 1898, including lives lost in the Philippines, and the deaths from diseases, do not reach 7000, and there is no reason to fear that the rest of the campaign in the Philippines will increase this more than another thousand.

Certainly, judging from the new enlistments, there is not much fear of death by our new soldiers. For the thirteen new regiments of volunteers, more than 40,000 men offered themselves, but only one in three was taken, the result being a remarkably fine class of soldiers. The rapidity with which the new regiments were equipped was a delight to the Government. Not only did the enlistments fill the thirteen new regiments, but there were 2000 men to spare, and these were at once assigned to the ten other new regiments which will be added to the Army. These will make twenty-three new regiments altogether, and the Army is rapidly approaching the 100,000 mark. With the new men it is now about 95,000, and there is not a man in it who did not enlist of his own accord. What an improvement upon drafts!

The Decrease of Civil War Pensions and the Expansion of the Pension Idea

Along with the few deaths and casualties is another gratifying fact: the applications for pensions are far below expectations. At the same time, the pensions paid on account of the Civil War decreased over seven and a half million dollars during the past fiscal year, there being 2195 fewer pensioners than the year before, and this diminution will go on. Already 43,189 of those who received pensions since the Civil War have died, and the mortality naturally grows greater every year. In a recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Philadelphia, the effects of age upon the old soldiers could be plainly seen, and it was pathetic to hear them cheerfully predict that the next reunion they would attend would be on the other side of the grave.

This pension question has a larger interest than its application to soldiers. Recently the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the best-managed corporations in the world, has instituted an old-age pension by which its superannuated employees will be taken care of at an expense to itself of about $300,000 annually, and this act of humanity and benevolence will probably be an example to other great employers of labor. In England, the House of Commons has been considering the most elaborate scheme of old-age pensions ever seriously proposed. Under the Act there will be a pension of $1.25 per week for every deserving person who claims the age of sixty-five. This would require a fund of $100,000,000. The Ministers object to incurring such a charge on the revenue, but in their platform the Conservatives promised they would do something in the way of old-age pensions, and they are casting about now for a plan that will enable them to fulfill at least a part of their pledge. The old-age pension scheme has been a favorite project in the politics of Great Britain ever since Joseph Chamberlain proposed to establish the fund in 1892. Thus, in this gradual extension of aid, the suffering of the world may be decreased and mankind made happier.

Smoothing Out the Wrinkles of Certain International Complications

And we not only manage wars better, and attend to the dead and wounded and afflicted of battle and misfortune more promptly, but there is a distinct improvement in solving the questions growing out of wars and their disasters. For a while it seemed as if the difference between Admiral Dewey and the German Admiral in the Bay of Manila would make a serious problem, and the war clouds rolled across the sky, but gradually everything has been cleared up. Mr. Von Mumm, one of the most delightful and proficient of German Envoys, has come to make things pleasant in this country, and is bubbling over with friendship for America and good humor for everybody. Emperor William has carried his kindness so far as to invite a shipload of American excursionists on board his private yacht, and to tell them that the one dear wish of his life is to visit America.

Then, too, in the Philippines we see the beauties of diplomatic politics. There are more dictators in the Philippines than Aguinaldo, and it was important to get them under the American flag without having to drive them to it with gunpowder. So, instead of whipping the little fellows into line, we have invited them to dinner and put the usual checks under their plates, with the promise of more to follow. For instance, the Sultan of Sulu, who is lord and master of 75,000 people spread out over one hundred and sixty-two islands, received the advances of the Americans with the signed statement:

> "This certifies that His Highness, the Sultan Hadji Mohammed Womolol Kiram, is like a brother to the nation of Americans, and wants to know if they are the same to him."

And like all other friends of the Administration, the Sultan will be taken care of.

Modern Charity's Promptness in Sending Food to the Destitute

There can be no better illustration of the promptness of modern relief than the manner in which the suffering thousands of Porto Rico were succored. A hurricane swept over the island on the eighth of August, demolishing towns, destroying lives, and reducing over 100,000 people to absolute destitution. As soon as the news reached Washington, Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, ordered that the McPherson, a Government transport, then loading at New York, be filled with provisions, and after this he telegraphed appeals to the Mayors of the large cities of the country. Within forty-eight hours more than a million pounds of food were on the way to the stricken island. Thousands of dollars were subscribed, clothing and provisions were donated and collected, and the generosity of the country was pouring forth its offerings.

A feeling of gratitude may have increased the giving, for up to that time the United States had been particularly free from storms and disasters of all kinds. The flood that inundated the Brazos Valley and carried devastation for three hundred and fifty miles along a path ten miles wide, was the worst in Texas for fifty years, but relief was prompt. This was the exception. Other parts of the country had been happy in their prosperity and immunity, and although Delaware was a little sad because her peach crop was below the average, out in Kansas the people were rejoicing that grasshoppers were fewer than ever before in the State's history.

The Remarkable Story of American Tin Plate and How it has Met Demands and Lowered Prices

Within the brief space of less than eight years the tin-plate industry has been so thoroughly established in the United States that our manufacturers can now supply all local demands, and we are no longer dependent on Wales and the adjoining English counties for either tin or terne plates. Prior to 1890 all tin plate used in the country was imported, because none was made here. The imports were duty free, but the tariff law of 1890 placed a duty of two and one-fifth cents a pound upon manufactured plates.

The infant industry became a subject of sharp controversy between the leading political parties. In exactly seven and a half years American manufacturers produced more than two and a quarter billions of pounds, and lowered the price to consumers twenty-five per cent.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The portrait of Dreyfus on this page is from a rare photograph taken of him when he was Lieutenant.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

By Kate Chopin

THE moment that the wagon rattled out of the yard away to the station, Madame Solisainte settled herself into a state of nervous expectancy.

She was superabundantly fat; and her body accommodated itself to the huge chair in which she sat, filling up curves and crevices like water poured into a mould. She was clad in an ample muslin *peignoir* sprigged with brown. Her cheeks were flabby, her mouth thin-lipped and decisive. Her eyes were small, watchful, and at the same time timid. Her brown hair, streaked with gray, was arranged in a bygone fashion, a narrow mesh being drawn back from the centre of the forehead to conceal a bald spot, and the sides plastered down smooth over her small, close ears.

The room in which she sat was large and uncarpeted. There were handsome and massive pieces of furniture decorating the apartment, and a magnificent brass clock stood on the mantelpiece.

Madame Solisainte sat at a back window which overlooked the yard, the brick kitchen—a little removed from the house—and the field road which led down to the negro quarters. She was unable to leave her chair. It was an affair of importance to get her out of bed in the morning, and an equally arduous task to put her back there at night.

It was a sore affliction to the old woman to be thus incapacitated during her latter years, and rendered unable to watch and control her household affairs. She was sure that she was being robbed continuously and on all sides. This conviction was nourished and kept alive by her confidential servant, Dimple, a very black girl of sixteen, who trod softly about on her bare feet and had thereby made herself unpopular in the kitchen and down at the quarters.

The notion had entered Madame Solisainte's head to have one of her nieces come up from New Orleans and stay with her. She thought it would be doing the niece and her family a great kindness, and would furthermore be an incalculable saving to herself in many ways, and far cheaper than hiring a housekeeper.

There were four nieces, not too well off, with whom she was indifferently acquainted. In selecting one of these to make her home on the plantation she exercised no choice, leaving that matter to her sister and the girls, to be settled among them.

It was Bosey who consented to go to her aunt. Her mother spelled her name Bosé. She herself spelled it Bosey. But as often as not she was called plain Bose. It was she who was sent, because, as her mother wrote to Madame Solisainte, Bosé was a splendid manager, a most excellent housekeeper, and moreover possessed a temperament of such rare amiability that none could help being cheered and enlivened by her presence.

What she did not write was that none of the other girls would entertain the notion for an instant of making even a temporary abiding place with their *Tante* Félicie. And Bosey's consent was only wrung from her with the understanding that the undertaking was purely experimental, and that she bound herself by no cast-iron obligations.

Madame Solisainte had sent the wagon to the station for her niece, and was impatiently awaiting its return.

"It's no sign of the wagon yet, Dimple? You don't see it? You don't year it coming?"

"No'um; 'tain't no sign. De train des 'bout lef' de station. I yeard it w'istle." Dimple stood on the back porch beside her mistress' open window. She wore a calico dress so skimp and inadequate that her growing figure was bursting through the rents and apertures. She was constantly pinning it at the back of the waist with a bent safety-pin which was forever giving way. The task of pinning her dress and biting the old brass safety-pin into shape occupied a great deal of her time.

"It's true," Madame said. "I recommend to Daniel to drive those mule' very slow in this hot weather. They are not strong, those mule'."

"He drive 'em slow 'nough long 's he's in the fiel' road!" exclaimed Dimple. "Time he git roun' in de big road whar you kain't see 'im—uh! uh! he make' dem mule' fa'r 'ope!"

Madame tightened her lips and blinked her eyes. She rarely replied otherwise to these disclosures of Dimple, but they sank into her soul and festered there.

The cook—in reality a big-boned field hand—came in with pans and pails to get out the things for supper. Madame kept her provisions right there under her nose in a large closet, or cupboard, which she had had built in the side of the room. A small supply of butter was in a jar that stood on the hearth, and the eggs were kept in a basket that hung on a peg near by.

Dimple came in and unlocked the cupboard, taking the keys from her mistress' bag. She gave out a little flour, a little meal, a cupful of coffee, some sugar and a piece of bacon. Four eggs were wanted for a pudding, but Madame thought that two would be enough, finally compromising, however, upon three.

Miss Bosey Brantonniere arrived at her aunt's house with three trunks, a large, circular, tin bathtub, a bundle of umbrellas and sunshades, and a small dog. She was a pretty, energetic-looking girl, with her chin in the air, tastefully dressed in the latest fashion, and dispersing an atmosphere of bustle and importance about her. Daniel had driven her up the field road, depositing her at the back entrance, where Madame, from her window, commanded a complete view of her arrival.

"I thought you would have sent the carriage for me, *Tante* Félicie, but Daniel tells me you have no carriage," said the girl after the first greetings were over. She had had her trunks taken to her room, the tub slipped under the bed, and now she sat fondling the dog and talking to *Tante* Félicie.

The old lady shook her head dismally and her lips curled into a disparaging smile.

"Oh! no, no! The ol' carriage 'as been sol' ages ago to Zéphire Lablatte. It was falling to piece' in the shed. Me—I never stir f'um w'ere you see me; it is good two year' 'ave been inside the church, let go *en promenade*."

I'm going to take all care and bother off your shoulders, *Tante* Félicie," uttered the girl cheerfully. "I'm going to brighten things up for you, and we'll see how quickly you'll improve. Why, in less than two months I'll have you on your feet, going about as spry as anybody."

Madame was far less hopeful. "My ol' mother was the same," she replied with dejected resignation. "Nothing could 'elp her. She lived many year' like you see me; your mamma mus' 'ave often tol' you."

Mrs. Brantonniere had never related to the girls anything disparaging concerning their Aunt Félicie, but other members of the family had been less considerate, and Bosey had often been told of her aunt's avarice and grasping ways. How she had laid her clutch upon her mother's belongings, taking undisputed possession by the force of audacity alone. The girl could not help thinking it must have been while her grandmother sat so helpless in her huge chair that *Tante* Félicie had made herself mistress of the situation. But she was not one to harbor malice. She felt very sorry for *Tante* Félicie, so afflicted in her childless old age.

Madame lay long awake that night troubled someway over the advent of this niece from New Orleans, who was not precisely what she had expected. She did not like the excess of trunks, the bathtub and the dog, all of which savored of extravagance. Nor did she like the chin in the air, which indicated determination and promised trouble.

Dimple was warned next morning to say nothing to her mistress concerning a surprise which Miss Bosey had in store for her. This surprise was that, instead of being deposited in her accustomed place at the back window, where she could keep an eye upon her people, Madame was installed at the front-room window that looked out toward the live oaks and along a leafy, sleepy road that was seldom used.

"*Jamais! Jamais!* it will never do! *Pas possible!*" cried out the old lady with helpless excitement when she perceived what was about to be done to her.

"You'll do just as I say, *Tante* Félicie," said Bosey, with sprightly determination. "I'm here to take care of you and make you comfortable, and I'm going to do it. Now, instead of looking out on that hideous back yard, full of dirty little darkies, and pigs and chickens wallowing round, here you have this sweet, peaceful view whenever you look out of the window. Now, here comes Dimple with the magazines and things. Bring them right here, Dimple, and lay them on the table beside Ma'me Félicie. I brought these up from the city expressly for you, *Tante*, and I have a whole trunkful more when you are through with them."

Dimple was entering, staggering with arms full of books and periodicals of all sizes, shapes and colors. The strain of carrying the weight of literature had caused the safety-pin to give way, and Dimple greatly feared it might have fallen and been lost.

"So, *Tante* Félicie, you'll have nothing to do but read and enjoy yourself. Here are some French books mamma sent you, something by Daudet, something by Maupassant and a lot more. Here, let me brighten up your spectacles." She brightened the old lady's glasses with a piece of thin tissue paper which fell from one of the books.

"And now, Madame Solisainte, you give me all the keys! Turn them right over, and I'll go out and make myself thoroughly acquainted with everything." Madame spasmodically clutched the bag that swung to the arm of her chair.

"Oh! a whole bagful!" exclaimed the girl, gently but firmly disengaging it from her aunt's claw-like fingers. "My, what an undertaking I have before me! Dimple had better show me round this morning until I get thoroughly acquainted. You can knock on the floor with your stick when you want her. Come along, Dimple. Fasten your dress." The girl was scanning the floor for the safety-pin, which she found out in the hall.

During all of Madame Solisainte's days no one had ever spoken to her with the authority which this young woman assumed. She did not know what to make of it. She felt that she should have revolted at once against being thus banished to the front room. She should have spoken out and maintained possession of her keys when demanded, with the spirit of a highway robber, to give them up. She pounded her stick on the floor with loud and sudden energy. Dimple appeared with inquisitive eyes.

"Dimple," said Madame, "tell Miss Bosé to please 'ave the kin'ness an sen' me back my bag of key'."

Dimple vanished and returned almost on the instant.

"Miss Bosey 'low don't you bodda. Des you go on lookin' at de picters. She ain' gwine let nuttin' happen to de keys."

After an uneasy interval Madame recalled the girl.

"Dimple, if you could look in the bag an' bring me my armoire key—you know it—the brass one. Do not let on as though I would want that key in partic'lar."

"De bag hangin' on her arm. She got de string twis' roun' her wris'," reported Dimple presently. Madame Félicie inwardly fumed with impotent rage.

"W'at is she doing, Dimple?" she asked uneasily.

"She got de cubbud do's fling wide open. She standin' on a cha'r lookin' in de corners an' behin' eve'ything."

"Dimple!" called out Bosey from the far room. And away flew Dimple, who had not been so pleasingly agitated since the previous Christmas.

After a little while, of her own accord she stole noiselessly back into the room where Madame Félicie sat in speechless wrath beside the table of books. She closed the door behind her, rolled her eyes, and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"She done fling 'way de barrel o' meal; 'low it all fill up wid weevils."

"Weevil'!" cried out her mistress.

"Yas'um, weevils; 'low it plumb sp'ilt. 'Low it on'y fitten fo' de chickens an' hogs; 'tain't fitten fo' folks. She done make Dan'el roll it out on de gal'ry."

"Weevil'!" reiterated Madame Félicie, tremulous with suppressed excitement. "Bring me some of that meal in a saucer, Dimple. Don't let on anything."

She and Dimple bent over the cup of meal which the girl brought concealed under her skirt.

"Do you see any weevil', you, Dimple?"

"No'um." Dimple smelled it, and Madame felt the sample of meal and rolled a pinch or two between her fingers. It was lumpy, musty and old.

"She got Susan out dah helpin' her," insinuated Dimple, "an' Sam an' Dan'el; all helpin' her."

"*Bon Dieu!* it won't be a grain of sugar left, a bar of soap—nothing! nothing! Go watch, Dimple. Don't stan' there like a stick."

"She 'low she gwine sen' Susan back to wuk in de fiel'," went on Dimple, heedless of her mistress' admonition. "She 'low Susan don' know how to cook. Susan say she willin' to go back, her. An' Miss Bosey, she ax Dan'el ef he know a fus'-class cook, w'at kin brile chicken an' steak an' make good soup, an' waffles, an' rolls, an' fricassée, an' dessert, an' custud, an sich."

She passed her tongue over a slobbering lip. "Dan'el say his wife Mandy done cook fo' de pa'tic'lest people in town, but she don' wuk cheap 'nough fo' Ma'me Félicie. An' Miss Bosey, she 'low it don' make no odd' 'bout de price, 'long she git hole o' somebody w'at know how to cook."

Madame's fingers worked nervously at the illuminated cover of a magazine. She said nothing. Only tightened her lips and blinked her small eyes.

When Bosey thrust her head in at the door to inquire how "*Tantine*" was getting on, the old lady fumbled at the books with a pretense of having been occupied with looking at them.

"That's right, *Tante* Félicie! You look as comfortable as can be. I wanted to make you a nice glass of lemonade, but Susan tells me there isn't a lemon on the place. I told Fannie's boy to bring up half a box of lemons from Lablatte's store in the handcart. There's nothing healthier than lemonade in summer. And he's going to bring a chunk of ice, too. We'll have to order ice from town after this." She had on a white apron over her gingham dress, and her sleeves were rolled to the elbows.

"I detes' lemonade; it is bad for *mon estomac*," interposed Madame vehemently. "We 'ave no use in the worl'

BOSEY INTRODUCED INTO MADAME SOLISAINTE'S PRESENCE THEIR NEIGHBOR, DOCTOR GODFREY

for lemon', an' there is no place yere to keep ice. Tell Fannie's boy never min' about lemon' an' ice."

"Oh, he's gone long ago! And as for the ice, why, Daniel says he can make me a box lined with sawdust—he made one for Doctor Godfrey. We can keep it under the back porch." And away she went, the embodiment of the thoroughgoing, bustling little housewife. Somewhat past noon, Dimple came in with an air of importance, removed the books, and spread a white damask cloth upon the table. It was like spreading a red cloth before a sullen bull. Madame's eyes glared at the cloth.

"W'ere did you get that?" she asked as if she would have annihilated Dimple on the spot.

"Miss Bosey, she tuck it out de big press; tuck some mo' out; 'low she kaint eat on dat meal-sack w'at we alls calls de table-clot'e." The damask cloth bore the initials of Madame's mother, embroidered in a corner.

"She done kilt two dem young pullets in de *basse-cour*," went on Dimple, like a croaking raven. "Mandy come lopin' up f'om de quarters time Dan'el told 'er. She yonder, rarin' roun' in de kitchen. Dey done sent fo' some sto' lard an' bakin' powders down to Lablatte's. Fannie's boy, he ben totin' all mornin'. De cubbud done look lak a sto'."

"Dimple!" called Bosey in the distance.

When she returned it was with a pompous air, her head uplifted, and stepping carefully like a fat chicken. She bore a tray weighted with a repast such as she had never before in her life served to Madame Solisainte.

Mandy had outdone herself. She had broiled the breast of a pullet to a turn. She had fried the potatoes after a New Orleans receipt, and had made a pudding of richest ingredients of her own invention which had given her a name in the parish. There were two milky-looking poached eggs, and the biscuits were as light as snowflakes and the color of gold. The forks and spoons were of massive silver, also bearing the initials of Madame's mother. They had been reclaimed from the press with the table linen.

Under this new, strange influence Madame Solisainte seemed to have been deprived of the power of asserting her will. There was an occasional outburst like the flare of a smouldering fire, but she was outwardly timid and submissive. Only when she was alone with her young handmaid did she speak her mind.

Bosey took special care in arranging her aunt's toilet one morning not long after her arrival. She fastened a sheer white 'kerchief (which she found in the press) about the old lady's neck. She powdered her face from her own box of *duvet de cygne*; and she gave her a fine linen handkerchief (which she also found in the press), sprinkling it from the bottle of cologne water which she had brought from New Orleans. She filled the vase upon the table with fresh flowers, and dusted and rearranged the books there.

Madame had been moving forward the bookmark in the novel to pretend that she was reading it.

These unusual preparations were explained an hour or two later, when Bosey introduced into Madame Solisainte's presence their neighbor, Doctor Godfrey. He was a youngish, good-looking man, with a loud, cheery voice and a superabundance of animal spirits. He seemed to carry about with him the very atmosphere of health and to dispense it broadcast in invisible waves.

"Do you see, *Tante* Félicie, how I think of everything? When I saw, last night, the suffering you endured at being put to bed, I decided that you ought to be under a physician's treatment. So the first thing I did this morning was to send a messenger for Doctor Godfrey, and here he is!"

Madame glared at him as he drew up a chair on the opposite side of the table and began to talk about how long it was since he had seen her.

"I do not need a physician!" she cried in tones of exasperation, looking from one to the other. "All the physician' in the worl' cannot 'elp me. My mother was the same; she try all the physician' of the parish. She went to the 'ot spring', to *la Nouvelle Orleans*, an' she die' at ins' in this chair. Nothing will 'elp me."

"That is for me to say, Madame Solisainte," said the Doctor, with cheerful assurance. "It is a good idea of your niece's that you should place yourself under a physician's care. I don't say mine, understand—there are many excellent physicians in the parish—but some one ought to look after you, if it is only to keep you in comfortable condition."

Madame blinked at him under lowered brows. She was thinking of his bill for this visit, and determined that he should not make a second one. She saw ruin staring her in the face, and felt as if she were being borne along on a raging torrent of extravagance to meet it.

Bosey had already explained Madame's symptoms to the Doctor, and he said he would send or bring over a preparation which Madame Solisainte must take night and morning till he saw fit to alter or discontinue it. Then he glanced at the magazines, while he and the girl engaged in a lively conversation across Madame's chair. His eyes sparkled with animation as he looked at Bosey, as fresh and sweet in her pink dimity gown as one of the flowers there on the table.

He came very often, and Madame grew sick with apprehension and uncertainty, unable to distinguish between his professional and social visits. At first she refused to take his medicine until Bosey stood over her one evening with a spoonful, gently but firmly expressing a determination to stand there till morning, if necessary, and Madame consented to swallow the mixture. The Doctor took Bosey out driving in his new buggy behind two fast trotters. The first time, after she had driven away, Madame Félicie charged Dimple to go into Miss Bosey's room and search everywhere for the bag of keys. But they were not to be found.

"She mus' kiard 'em wid 'er. She all time got 'em twis' roun' 'er arm. I believe she sleep wid 'em twis' roun' 'er arm," offered Dimple in explanation of her failure.

Unable to find the keys, she turned to examining the young girl's dainty belongings—such as were not under lock. She crept back into Madame Félicie's room, carrying a lace-frilled parasol which she silently held out for Madame's inspection. The lace was simple and inexpensive, but the old woman shuddered at sight of it as if it had been the rarest d'Alençon.

Perceiving the impression created by the gay sunshade, Dimple next brought in a pair of slippers with spangled toes, a fine pair of stockings that hung on the back of a chair, an embroidered petticoat, and finally a silk waist. She brought the articles one by one, with a certain solemnity rendered doubly impressive by her silence.

Dimple was wearing her best dress—a red calico with ruffles and puffed sleeves (Miss Bosey had compelled her to discard the other). As a consequence of this holiday attire Dimple gave herself Sunday airs, and passed her time hanging to the gallery post or doubling her body across the bannister rail.

Bosey grew more and more prolific in devices for her Aunt Félicie's comfort and entertainment. She invited Madame's old friends to visit her, singly and in groups; to spend the day—in some instances several days.

She began to have company herself. The young gentlemen and girls of the parish came from miles around to pay

"HERE COMES DIMPLE WITH THE MAGAZINES AND THINGS"

their respects. She was of a hospitable turn, and dispensed iced lemonade on such occasions, and sangaree—Lablatte having ordered a case of red wine from the city. There was constant baking of cakes going on in the kitchen, Daniel's wife surpassing all her former efforts in that direction.

Bosey gave lawn parties, with the Chinese lanterns all festooned among the oaks, with three musicians from the quarters playing the fiddle, the guitar and accordion on the gallery, right under Madame Solisainte's nose. She gave a ball and dressed *Tante* Félicie up for the occasion in a silk *peignoir* which she had had made in the city as a surprise.

The Doctor took Bosey driving or horseback riding every other day. He all but lived at Madame Solisainte's, and was in danger of losing all his practice, till Bosey, in mercy, promised to marry him.

She kept her engagement a secret from *Tante* Félicie, pursuing her avocation of the ministering angel up to the very day of her departure for the city to make preparations for her approaching marriage.

A beatitude, a beneficent joy settled upon Madame when Bosey announced her engagement to the Doctor and her intention to leave the plantation that afternoon.

"Oh! You can't imagine, *Tante* Félicie, how I regret to leave you—just as I was getting things so comfortably and pleasantly settled about you, too. If you want, perhaps Fifine or sister Adèle would come——"

"No! no!" cried Madame in shrill protest. "Nothing of the kin'! I insist, let them stay w'ere they are. I am ole; I am use' to my ways. It is not 'ard for me to be alone. I will not year of it!"

Madame could have sung for very joy as she listened all morning to the bustle of her niece's packing. She even petted doggie in her exuberance, for she had aimed many a blow at him with her stick when he had had the temerity to trust himself alone with her.

The trunks and the bathtub were sent away at noon. The clatter accompanying their departure sounded like sweet music in Madame Solisainte's ears. It was with almost a feeling of affection that she embraced her niece when the girl came and kissed her good-by. The Doctor was going to drive his *fiancée* to the station in his buggy.

He told Madame Félicie that he felt like an archangel. In reality, he looked demented with happiness and excitement. She was as suave as honey to him. She was thinking that in the character of a nephew he would not have the indelicacy to present a bill for professional services.

The Doctor hurried out to turn the horses and to get ready the lap-robe to spread over the knees of his divinity. Bosey looked as dainty as the day she had made her appearance, in the same brown linen gown and jaunty traveling hat. There was a fathomless look in her blue eyes.

"And now, *Tante* Félicie," she said finally, "here is your bag of keys. You will find everything in perfect order, and I hope you will be satisfied. All the purchases have been entered in the book—you will find Lablatte's bills and everything correct. But, by the way, *Tante* Félicie, I want to tell you—I have made an equal division of grandmother's silver and table linen and jewels which I found in the strong box, and sent them to mamma. You know yourself it was only just; mamma had as much right to them as you. So, good-by, *Tante* Félicie. You are quite sure you wouldn't like to have sister Adèle?"

"*Voleuse! voleuse! voleuse!*" she heard her aunt's voice lifted after her in a shrill scream. It followed her as far as the leafy road beyond the live oaks.

Madame Solisainte trembled with excitement and agitation. She looked into the bag and counted the keys. They were all there.

"*Voleuse!*" she kept muttering. She was convinced that Bosey had robbed her of everything she possessed. The jewels were gone, she was sure of it—all gone. Her mother's watch and chain; bracelets, rings, ear-rings, everything gone. All the silver, the table, the bed linen, her mother's clothes—ah! that was why she had brought those three trunks!

Madame Solisainte clutched the brass key and glared at it with eyes wild with apprehension. She pounded her stick upon the floor till the rafters rang. But at that time of the afternoon—the hours between dinner and supper—the yard was deserted. And Dimple, still under the delusion created by the red ruffles and puffed sleeves, was strolling leisurely toward the station to see Miss Bosey off.

Madame pounded and called. In her wrath she overturned the table and sent the books and magazines flying in all directions. She sat a while a prey to the most violent agitation, the most turbulent misgivings, that made the pulses throb in her head and the blood course through her body as though the devil himself were at the valve.

"Robbed! Robbed! Robbed!" she repeated. "My gold; the rings; the necklace! I might have known! Oh! fool! Ah! *chez maître! pas possible!*"

Her head quivered as with a palsy upon its fat bulk. She clutched the arm of her chair and attempted to rise; her effort was fruitless. A second attempt, and she drew herself a few inches out of the chair and fell back again. A third effort, in which her whole big body shook and swayed like a vessel which has sprung a leak, and Madame Solisainte stood upon her feet.

She grasped the cane there at hand and stood helpless, screaming for Dimple. Then she began to walk—or rather drag her feet along the floor, slowly and with painful effort, shaking and leaning heavily upon her stick.

Madame did not think it strange or miraculous that she should be moving thus upon her tottering limbs, which for two years had refused to do their office. Her whole attention was bent upon reaching the press in her bedroom across the hall. She clutched the brass key; she had let all the other keys go, and she said nothing now but "*Volé, volé, volé!*"

Madame Solisainte managed to reach the room without other assistance than the chairs in her way afforded her, and the walls along which she propped her body as she sidled along. Her first thought upon unlocking the press was for her gold. Yes, there it was, all of it, in little piles as she had so often arranged it. But half the silver was gone; half the jewels and table linen.

When the servants began to congregate in the yard, they discovered Madame Félicie standing upon the gallery waiting for them. They uttered exclamations of wonder and consternation. Dimple became hysterical, and began to cry and scream out.

"Go an' fin' Richmond," said Madame to Daniel, and without comment or question he hurried off in search of the overseer.

"I will 'ave the law! Ah! *par exemple! pas possible!* to be rob' in that way! I will 'ave the law. Tell Lablatte I will not pay the bills. Mandy, go back to the quarters, an' sen' Susan to the kitchen. Dimple! Go an' carry all those book' an' magazine' up in the attic, an' put on you' other dress. Do not let me fin' you array in those flounce' again! *Pas possible! volé comme ça!* I will 'ave the law!"

THE FOOD OF LOVE

By Madison Cawein

WHAT little things are those
That hold our happiness!
A smile, a glance, a rose
Dropped from her hair or dress;
A word, a look, a touch—
These are so much, so much.

An air we can't forget,
A sunset's gold that gleams,
A spray of mignonette,
Will fill the soul with dreams
More than all history says,
Or romance of old days.

For of the human heart,
Not brain, is memory:
These things it makes a part
Of its own entity;
The joys, the pains whereof
Are th' very food of love.

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Vigorous Action in Wartime

THE writer has no sympathy whatever with the habit of certain journals to trump up accusations against public men. An oft-heard comment on such charges is: "Oh, don't worry about a Representative, a Senator or a Cabinet officer. His heart is not broken by newspaper innuendoes."

Possibly not, but others grieve over these cruelties; his wife, his children and his near friends cannot properly discount insinuations and half-truths and unmistakable slanders. Very often a man is driven from his position by a very small conspiracy. It begins in the rivulet and ends in a torrent which the public functionary cannot breast. Thus it was with the late Secretary of War, who has so recently resigned.

The new Secretary came in quietly, without parade, highly commended by the press, and deservedly so. Just after his appointment a sudden impulse seized him when the man of the Associated Press asked him to tell the people what was to be the policy of the War Department. This is the interview:

"Will the war in the Philippines be prosecuted vigorously from now on?" asked the correspondent.

Mr. Root turned on his heel and replied quick as a flash: "Yes, sir. The war in the Philippines from now on will be prosecuted with all possible energy. All the men, all the arms and all the supplies necessary to end the trouble in the islands will be furnished at the earliest possible moment."

The sudden turning, the prompt, bold, confident reply, marks the man. Mr. Root's words sent a thrill through my heart, as they doubtless did through the hearts of millions of readers. The sentences of the new Secretary are like sledge-hammer blows which hit the welding iron every time. Everybody is pleased with them. The friends of the President and of the Administration will revive and unite to second and sustain such strong purpose so expressed, such vigor so manifested.

The enemies of the President and of the Administration are, in their way, pleased also, because their opponents take a bold front and declare an open warfare, which they can comprehend, and prepare to attack, to undermine, to overcome, to destroy. There is nothing like having issues distinctly drawn. Under the newspaper abuse of the former Secretary and of the War Department, decided action was difficult, hazardous, and often was paralyzed in the issue.

But when a man is strong enough to spring beyond the shafts of all traducers and lead fearlessly to the consummation of his purpose, the air begins to clear, the clouds are dissipated, the sky smiles upon him and his followers, and the whole people soon drop into line.

The effect of vigor, even the promise of it in dealing with the Filipinos, is marvelous in its very dawn. The full day will demonstrate its worth here at home; but the effect abroad will be equally great. One hardly believes that any nation, even Spain, will respond favorably to the cry of Aguinaldo for a recognition of independence.

All friendly nations will approve of prompt and vigorous action on our part; and other nations not so friendly will hesitate to act against us while such men as Dewey and such a man as the Honorable Elihu Root join with Secretary Long. Indeed, they may well be wary and watchful, and, we hope, do all things for peace and good will.

—O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army (Retired).

There will always be troubles in this world, but working for universal peace will not increase them.

A Sensible Infidel

A FEW days ago a Kansas City man who had proclaimed himself an infidel for twenty-five years died and left a curious will. In it his fortune of $150,000, with the exception of $4000, was given to religious and charitable organizations. No explanation was made, but the fact itself was eloquent.

One of the most brilliant infidels in this country—a man who did not boast his infidelity or use it for money-making—once wrote a series of anonymous articles asserting his views. "One morning," he said to the writer of this, "I had a caller, a stranger. He came to my house, introduced himself, and with touching fervor thanked me again and again for making him see the light. He had found out that I had written the articles. I was greatly nonplused, but replied as best I could that I was glad to have been of service to him. He had been a worker in his church, and was, as I found afterward, a man of influence and usefulness in the community. His excessive gratitude was really embarrassing, and it reached a climax when he said, with increased intensity, 'Sir, you have converted me.' *Now, I have been wondering ever since what I converted him to.*"

To nothing, of course. When the infidel with his fortune looked around he found that infidelity did not have a single organization by which money could be used for the alleviation of suffering, for the physical salvation of the weak, or for the material improvement of mankind. Leaving out all questions of faith, dogma and spirituality, the plain situation was that religion had provided the means, was doing the work, and was the only agency that could be trusted with the carrying out of his better purposes. The churches had done about all that was of any benefit to the world; had begun, increased and developed the vast machinery of practical aid and philanthropy. Infidelity had done nothing; had nothing to do anything with. The infidel's dollars were practically worthless without religious help.

All this is very simple and familiar, but it does us good sometimes to look at the tremendous and overwhelming material achievements of our churches. Even the infidel who has not the faith to follow the direction of their spires cannot dispute the testimony of his eyes as to what they are doing closer to the earth. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The right sort of prayer is just as fervent after the cyclone as it was during the blow.

The Man with the Pen

THE person not distinctly criminal must pause before referring to a Man with Anything, since so much has been said about the gentleman with the agricultural implement. But it being patent to the sight of all that there are sundry other Men with Divers Other Things, perhaps a passing glance may be taken at The Man with the Pen. Who is he? Why does he attach himself so tenaciously to his caligraphic utensil? Is he doing as much for the world as the citizen who is agitating the clods?

It will scarcely do, of course, to suggest that the pen-propelling man is brother to the ox, though it may be observed in passing that there are a great many worse animals to which one might be related. There is, for instance, that other beast of our neighbor's which the Commandment saith we shall not covet. Is it possible that The Man with the Pen is brother to the parrot? Surely he has too much to say. This may be proved in the case of any given penman by an appeal to the other workers in his field. "Quillnib is writing too much," is the invariable verdict. Nobody ever suggests that the hoeman is hoeing too much; the man he is working for will tell you that he doesn't hoe half enough.

As to why the man under consideration should keep up his odd practice of adhering to the pen it must be pronounced unanswerable. He does it, no doubt, to get his living; but with so many living-hunting weapons at hand affording superior accuracy of aim, higher initial velocity and greater range, it is difficult to see why he should cling to the pen.

We are assured on eminent authority that the man who stimulates the hay crop by making two blades of grass grow where but one formerly sprouted is a benefactor of the first order. This was said by a Man with the Pen. Thus far the ungrateful Man with the Hoe has not returned the compliment with praise for the laborer who makes two words grow where but one grew before. So long as he retains any vestige of regard for the truth he cannot probably well do so. Indeed, it would not be surprising if the first investigator to announce that speech is silver, silence golden, may himself have been not unacquainted with the hoe. It was in the early stages of things, anyhow, when the whole world needed hoeing. So, perhaps, without further demonstration of the inferiority of speech to silence, it may be regarded as settled that the man behind the hoe is doing more good than the individual who is pulverizing clods of thought with the pen.

What will be said to the proposition that the hoers and the pen-workers exchange places? Though physically a feeble folk, the penmen might make shift to operate the hoe to considerable purpose. Your hoe, after all, is one of the most amiable and easily manipulated of agricultural tools. It needs but soft pushes, gentle pulls, cunning taps and turns; the whole performed lovingly, with bow, courtesy and genuflection, as you would fashion a triolet. The pen-worker would succeed with the hoe. The only drawback which seems probable in the suggested exchange would be that, owing to the comparatively small number of the penmen, there would be less hoeing done. But this loss would perhaps be made up by the fact that, with the hoes in charge of the pens, there would be much less writing done.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

The man with the hoe is certainly getting enough digs.

The Capacity for Work

THERE is nothing better recognized by business men than the value of capacity for work. Genius, they say, is all very well in its way; but when it comes to executing large plans, the men who can do the most and do it to order are in demand. The master of an extensive plant giving employment to a great many laborers, skilled and unskilled, has his eye on details; he is never deceived by the generalizer who makes a great show without bringing much to pass. Efficiency counts for more than knowledge when knowledge has clumsy fingers and a slow intelligence to carry it into operation. It is the bullet that hits, the hammer-stroke on the head of the nail, that must be reckoned with in every calculation, in war or in the workshop. And this accuracy of execution, although displayed by persons not scientifically trained, will command the highest respect and reward of practical employers.

Doubtless the capacity for work is hereditary in many cases; but breeding, even here, means more than ancestry. In a word, training from infancy in the details of industry can work wonders with most unpromising natures. "What can you do?" is a greater question than "What do you know?" Knowledge is theory; work is practice. The professor of agriculture would drive a crooked furrow and gain the contempt of a real plowman guiltless of a single "scientific" thought: he was bred to capacity, this accurate plowman. Knowledge truly is power when it has been digested and assimilated so as to be a part of the man, informing his faculties and vitalizing his capacities to a state of special efficiency. It does not have to beg for respect.

Nothing is more abused than education. On the threshold of school we are too often dazzled and misled by that will-o'-the-wisp, a nebulous and elusive ambition dancing far off over the quagmires of imagination. Many a youth has dreamed through college with his eyes on the Presidency of the United States, and when it was too late found himself unfitted even for the office of Justice of the Peace. Now and then a rail-splitter or a canal-boat driver has picked up ample resources for doing the work of Lincoln or Garfield. "Know thyself" is a fine admonition; but the capacity for work is the best self-knowledge; it never misleads its possessor.

If we could but discover early in life our limitations, if we could apply the nutrition of school training and home training to such of our faculties as nature has made sound and capable of efficient development; if we could but recognize the absolute and unavoidable law of fitness and be satisfied with the life we are fit for, there would soon be a great lessening of the heaviest and most galling strain of existence. The capacity for work ought to suggest to its possessor what particular work demands his activity. If I am eminently fitted to excel as a hedger and ditcher, my mental training should not be directed so as to destroy that fitness and lead me into the delusive dream of peddling lightning-rods.

This rule of native fitness, this criterion of capacity, is, perhaps, applied with less judgment in the field of literary work than in any other area of ambition. Every man and every woman who has reached any commanding eminence in letters has had to bear the greatest strain of sympathy and pity caused by constant contact with persons who have persisted in throwing their lives recklessly away trying to do the impossible—trying to find a way by which lack of capacity could be bridged over and success in literature attained despite the most obvious unfitness for literary work. It is a curious dream, ravenously indulged in by many excellent people, that the whole of literary success depends upon getting their writings printed. They assume that capacity exists; they assert that there is favoritism at the publisher's counter; that a friend at court can make matters all right with the editors. No amount of reasoning on business grounds, or from a basis of common sense, can drive them from this destructive delusion. They do not know themselves; they mistake desire for capacity; they go on from year to year aiming at Scott, or Emerson, or Tennyson, and wondering in desperate wrath when their efforts land far short of dime novel and doggerel. Truly the capacity for work must precede ambition. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

In this world the demand for excellence will always be greater than the supply.

Why Not Artistic Colonies?

IT IS an ancient dream of lovers of the beautiful, never fully realized, that villages might be created in which even the human constructions should be fair to the eye and harmonious with their surroundings. These hamlets of peace should be closed to the base, the useless, the harshly practical, and their industries should be such gentle crafts as would tend to keep alive the love of loveliness.

Now, we are living in a practical age, yet many of the dreams of the artists are nearer to concrete possibilities than ever they were before. This is because of the increase in material resources and facilities that science and capital have made for us, but also because of the growth of taste. We support a thousand artists where twenty-five years ago we supported fifty; we buy pictures; we spend lavishly—often too lavishly—in the decoration of our houses, grounds, offices and public buildings; we dress better, live better, read better books, hear better music than we did, and to be an artist, or a poet, or an actor is no longer to be a freak or an outcast. But it still, too usually, means to be poor. Why, therefore, may not these people who work for other things than money pool their resources into a small competence by the creation of art colonies?

Steps have been taken in that direction. One little band of painters in New York have secured a summer home in New Jersey which they own and occupy together. They have a large studio, and at a little distance from it, a lodging, which is so strictly modern in construction and appliances that the bedrooms can be cleaned with a hose, the walls and floors being covered with tile. This coterie, it may be said, is a commune rather than a colony, and liable, therefore, to the same ultimate failure or radical change that has come to every socialistic experiment in America—Brook Farm, the Jersey Phalanx, the Economites, and the rest. But no. Here is the difference: The concerns that fail defy human nature by owning all in common and working for some one object, while the artists are as independent as if they lived a hundred miles apart from one another, their association merely reducing their rent, board and bills for fuel and washing.

William Morris and his little company of enthusiasts in Kelmscott showed what an industrial colony might be, and in our own country we have the pleasant hamlet in the woods, just out of New York, where a number of kindred souls have taken their abode, and closed the gates to bores, to trolley cars, to tramps. In this home of virtue, letters and the arts we find Stedman, Low, Smedley, Howe, Mrs. Custer and others who write and think and paint and do fine things. This is the true art colony: where people of kindred aims and employments live within each others' call, but not, of need, under the same roof.

It does not follow that our art colonies shall be so simple and cheap as the first here mentioned, nor that the residents shall put up $20,000 houses with detached studios, as in the other case. The main thing is to adapt the place to its residents. A studio in the city costs from $500 to $1000 a year, at a conservative estimate, and one must sell several pictures at a good price to meet his living expenses. For a thousand dollars, or a year's rent, a cottage can be built in the country.

Fuel is cheap, taxes are low, milk, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit and vegetables are fresher and better, as well as cheaper, than in the city; interruptions and bothers are fewer, and subjects are plenty, whether the artist paints marines, landscape, flowers, animals, or some varieties of figure and genre. Nor does it follow that one must be a painter to qualify for such a colony. Why should a sculptor, an illustrator, a potter, a decorator, a metal worker, a bronze moulder, an embroiderer, a carver, a binder, live in the city, if his tastes and economies impel him out of it? Why should he not join others of his calling, and of like callings, and set up a coterie of habitations, not too far from the markets, but far enough from the expenses and distractions of the city to insure care-freedom and heartwholeness in his work? —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

AT THE AMERICAN CAPITAL

Secretary Long has done nothing during his service in the Cabinet that will make him so popular with the scholars of the country as the appointing of a commission to investigate and report upon the affairs of the Naval Observatory, which, since its foundation in 1840, through the untiring zeal of Lieutenant Gillis of the Navy, has grown from modest beginnings to be one of the finest institutions at the Capital. The beautiful marble building it occupies was designed by William Morris Hunt, and is situated on the Heights, between Tenallytown and Georgetown, in a park of land comprising about seventy-two acres.

It has been charged by the leading astronomers of the country that no adequate scientific work has been done by the Observatory in return for the vast amounts expended upon it, and they contend that its staff is handicapped by the Department which controls it. The Observatory was founded as a bureau for maps and charts, but long ago broadened its original scope. Under the competent direction of its earlier superintendents it promised to take a leading place among the observatories of the world. That it does not occupy that position is attributed, by those who have made a study of the subject, to the fact that it is under the direction of a military department. This proposal to take it out of the jurisdiction of the Navy Department seems proper, for the main service the Observatory renders to the department is to prepare and test instruments, such as chronometers and sextants—work that could be done elsewhere quite as satisfactorily.

While the Observatory at Washington is in no sense on a par with the great observatories at Greenwich, Paris, and that of Poltava, of which Professor de Struve, father of the former Minister from Russia to this Capital, was the first Director, it has accomplished many things of great scientific importance. The satellites of Mars were discovered by Professor Hall when he was attached to the staff of the Naval Observatory; and Professor Newcomb's tables of the planets have a world-wide reputation.

The Board selected by Secretary Long to [illegible] Observatory is a most competent [illegible] Senator Chandler, of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and Alston G. Dayton, of the same Committee in the House, Professor Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, Professor Hale, of the Yerkes Observatory, and Professor Comstock, of the Madison Observatory, eminent astronomers, who, in making their report, will not be influenced by political considerations.

When Mr. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy he summoned before him Admiral Meade, at that time Commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, to remonstrate concerning something that officer had done which met with his chief's disapproval. The Admiral, however, was little moved by the Secretary's objections.

"Well, Admiral," said that official finally, "if you persist in this against my wishes I shall be obliged to discipline you by sending you to sea."

"Mr. Secretary," responded the bluff old Admiral, "I have nothing to say; but when it is a punishment for an officer to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good-day."

Secretary Hay is a greater favorite with his subordinates than any of his recent predecessors, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Bayard, who was always the suave and courteous man of the world. Asked to explain the Secretary's popularity, a clerk in the Department of State said:

"To begin with, he is pleasant to look at, and wears his flannels"—happily the frock coat of ancient times has quite gone out among officials in Washington—"with the ease and grace of a senior at college, and he is uniformly gracious and polite. To be sure, all men should be gracious and polite, and it seems strange to mention these characteristics as unusual, but there is a tradition among the great army of clerks that the former Secretaries have not all been endowed with these agreeable qualities.

"One man is remembered who invariably refused to go up in the elevator with any of his subordinates, and it is told that another gave instructions that none of the clerks should address him when they met him in the corridors. Mr. Hay, on the contrary, has won the regard of all his employees by the [illegible] manner in which he speaks to them, and he is [illegible] known in an elevator, holding his hat in his [illegible] way."

That the Secretary of State is not without humor is evidenced by the retort he made to an English photographer who, making a negative of the distinguished American shortly before he sailed for home, begged him to assume a pleasant expression.

"But how can you expect me to look cheerful when I am about to leave England?" asked the Ambassador.

"I know," he said sympathetically; "but won't Your Excellency try and forget that for a moment?"

Mrs. Gage, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, while she is one of the most amiable women in the Cabinet, has a perfect horror of a snap-shot camera, and immediately turns her back when she spies one leveled at her. A young woman who visited the Capital in the early summer came armed with such an instrument, and was very successful in getting pictures of distinguished people, but, being from Chicago, she was very anxious to take back with her a good plate of Mrs. Gage. The objections of this lady were explained, and her friends discouraged her in every way from making the attempt, but she was determined to succeed. Making herself off to a fashionable shop which she learned Mrs. Gage would visit during the day, the girl from the Windy City asked to look at dress goods. The counter was piled high by the accommodating clerk with beautiful organdies; underneath them all, but properly placed, was the wicked little camera. Mrs. Gage came in to look at dress goods, also. Snap! went the little camera just as she smiled acceptance of a certain lovely muslin, and the persevering young woman carried home with her one of the best photographs of Mrs. Gage ever taken.

The widow of America's most famous General, Mrs. Grant, still lives at the Capital, and although far advanced in years, takes an active interest in society.

Mrs. Grant was a veritable helpmeet to her husband, and so merged her personality in his that her own ability has never been fully appreciated. She is a woman of unusual attainments, and has always been noted for remarkable tact.

Addressed in French by a young diplomat at one of her receptions, Mrs. Grant replied that she did not speak French.

"Ze wife of ze American President not speak ze French!" exclaimed the little sprig of a foreigner, while everybody listened. "How is it possible for you to get along?"

"I can imagine," said Mrs. Grant rather severely, "[illegible] to Europe, with many small States, and the inhabitants of each speaking a different language, it is necessary to possess a polyglot tongue, but in this great country all the States are united, all the people speak the same language, and English suffices."

Mrs. Grant lives with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her grandchildren in a handsome house in Massachusetts Avenue, built and formerly occupied by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, which is a Mecca for those who fought under her illustrious husband.

The Algers entertained lavishly and assiduously while they were in Washington, and contributed their full share to the social success of the Administration. Their receptions were noted for their elegance, and no better dinners were given during the present regime than those at which the Secretary of War was host, but Mrs. Alger's teas were invariably marked by simplicity. Last winter a charming girl dispensing for Mrs. Alger the beverage that cheers but does not inebriate asked a bustling, little old lady, evidently from out-of-town and making the Cabinet calls to satisfy her curiosity, if she would have a cup of tea.

"Yes," responded the caller; "but none of your cambric tea. Give it to me strong, with plenty of cream and sugar."

"May I give you a wafer?" smilingly asked the society belle of the queer little guest.

"No," said the visitor; "but if you have got a good, thick ham sandwich, with plenty of mustard, I'll take it. I always did like solids. None of your fol-de-rols for me."

AT the END of a BOOK

By Bliss Carman

WHEN that old Vendor, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past,

He not abashed at your small worth,
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the Northern spring:

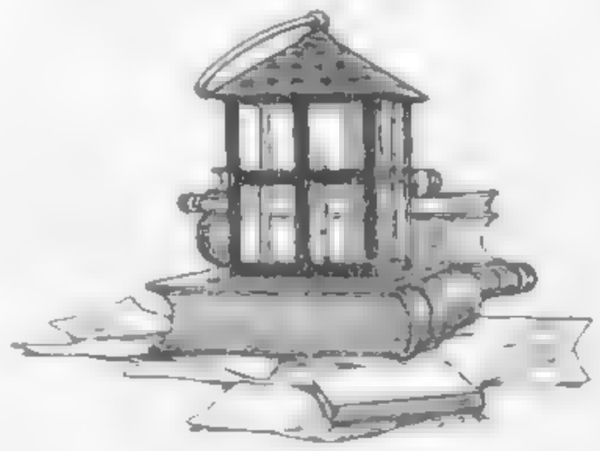
Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain;

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm treed interval,
And gravelly floors where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through old grain barns
With earliest music ever mad

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vendor, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

[illegible]'s editorial, The Man with the Hoe, is impressive. It is strong in substance as it is style and compels in one an element of revolt against his injustice and cruelty. How can he doubt that universal education is possible and justifiable? Surely naught but education could have lightened labor the last half-century as we have seen it done.

Take, for instance, hoeing, ditching, cleaning and mining. Have not machinery and implements been invented by the educated laborer, doing away with two-thirds of the menial labor connected with them? Shall we stop? The educated miner, boer, ditcher and cleaner each invents a machine that will enable him to sit in his horseless chariot and with a touch of the button throw the coal and potatoes in the [illegible] train, shovel out the dirt, rock and *débris*, leaving a [illegible] ditch behind, and move a broom that will cleanse the stall even of flies? Did he not say in April that we were at the threshold of a new age?

Easley, South Carolina. E. R. M.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Are the people who are filling the inferior positions [illegible] doing what we term the drudgeries of life contented?

The writer of this article has been thrown among the [illegible] of people a great deal, and believes that these people are the most discontented people in the world to-[illegible].

Is it not a fact that the leading men [illegible] from the farms and factories and their partners [illegible] peasants? We only have to study the lives of our great men to find this to be true.

Certainly we cannot all be Senators, lawyers, editors, poets, etc., but what man among us can say when he sees a crowd of [illegible]: "There's the statesman and there's the poet"?

If it be true that from the ranks of the masses have stepped our leaders in all the walks of life, it then becomes our duty to fire in the hearts of the young of all classes the desire to be somebody, and in due time there will step from the ranks our Lincolns and Washingtons, even though it be at the cost of thousands of discontented minds.

New York Mills, New York. JOHN R. HARDCASTLE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

If schooling fosters in the mind of the young discontent with the humbler vocations of life—and it does—it produces later on a more wholesome discontent, which is dissatisfaction with one's mental development. It is wholesome because it leads to the pursuit of knowledge, in itself one of the substantial joys of life, and results in a storehouse of sweets for old age.

Mr. Thompson admirably puts the value of discontent with performance. To have a vocation agreeable to one's taste is helpful but by no means essential to success. Lack of bread-and-butter necessities deprives all but one in a thousand of deliberate choice of life work, but the mind is so versatile, the hand so cunning that any normal young man who really wills to do so may succeed in almost any calling he may be obliged to follow. Discontent, therefore, with *what* one is doing is generally idle, but with *how* one does it is as valuable as, alas! it is uncommon.

Let any young man really master his trade or calling in all its details and he will be not only in constant demand, but a marked man for life in any community, so imperfect is the performance of the average worker.

Terre Haute, Indiana. WILLIAM H. RAGSDALE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Being more or less interested in the two characters, the Faultfinder and the Displeased but Silent Observer, it would [illegible] pleasure to compare their relative and individual merits.

The silent but displeased observer, when he notices anything displeasing to him, says not a word of protest. He considers the actions of every man under that man's particular supervision and therefore not to be overlooked by any one else. As a result he corrects no one, but tends strictly to himself.

The faultfinder, while engendering dislike for himself in others, creates an anti-toxine for the ones he corrects, who, they have grown weary of his faultfindings, correct him as a faultfinder, and with good results. He is therefore converted into a displeased but silent observer, though he is much better satisfied with his final position than with his first.

The second individual, having never been a faultfinder, has not helped his fellow-men by pointing out their failings, but has instead set a good example by not having a hand in others' affairs. Every one speaks of him as a capital fellow, which undoubtedly he is. The faultfinder, having now given up his old ways and followed the example of the displeased but silent observer, gradually blots out his old reputation and establishes a new and better one. He has accomplished good by his fault-findings, not only for others, but for himself. The displeased but silent observer has also accomplished good not only for others but for himself. So, after all, it is rather hard to decide which [illegible] supersedes the other.

Brooklyn, New York. ANONYMOUS.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I read with interest the editorial, The Reading Habit. The influence of a good book does more to develop character than any other thing. Many great people owe their start in life to the impression received from a single good book.

By cultivating the memory and trying to repeat as near as possible the article or book read you will be surprised to find how neat you can memorize it.

At the present time persons in humble circumstances never had a better opportunity to secure good literature at such low prices. Good reading largely supplants the deficiency of a neglected education. In this progressive age most families have a library of their own but fail to appreciate it as much as people in earlier times, who had to walk miles to borrow a book and whose library might possibly number three or four books, including the Bible.

Rondout, New York. A READER.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Our new poet's idea of The Man With the Hoe is un-American and against the principle of the founders of the institutions of the New World. Our ancestors got their nourishment by the use of the hoe and the plow, and hence we love it still. A young weed may be too fiery and ambitious for its own good, and the rein must be drawn. Genius may make us frantic, but our better senses must guide.

Perryville, Rhode Island. JEFFREY W. POTTER.

The DEFECTION of MARIA ANN GIBBS

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THERE had been a wonderful season of grace at Bethel Chapel since the advent of the new minister, and the number of converts who had entered the fold put the record of other years and other pastors to shame. Seats that had been empty were filled, collections that had been meagre were now ample. The church had been improved; a coat of paint had been put on the outside, and the interior had been adorned by a strip of carpet down the two aisles and pink calcimining on the walls. The Rev. Eleazar Jackson had proved a most successful shepherd. The fact was shown by the rotundity of his form, which bespoke good meals, and the newness of his clothes, which argued generous contributions.

He was not only a very eloquent man, but had social attainments of a high order. He was immensely popular with the sisters, and was on such good terms with the brothers that they forgot to be jealous of him. When he happened around about an hour before dinner time, and some solicitous sister killed for him the fattening fowl which her husband had been watching with eager eyes, Mr. Jackson averted any storm which might have followed by such a genial presence and such a raciness of narration at the table that the head of the house forgot his anger and pressed the preacher to have some more of the chicken.

Notwithstanding this equality of regard on the part of both brothers and sisters, it was yet noticeable that the large number of the converts were drawn from the tenderer sex—but human nature 'is human nature, women are very much women, and the preacher was a bachelor.

Among these gentle converts none was more zealous, more ardent or more constant than Maria Ann Gibbs. She and her bosom friend, Lucindy Woodyard, had "come th oo" on the same night, and it was a wonderful event. They shouted all over Bethel Chapel. When one went up one aisle the other came down the other. When one cried "Hallelujah!" the other shouted "Glory!" When one skipped the other jumped, and finally they met in front of the altar, and binding each other in a joyous embrace, they swayed back and forth to the rhythm of the hymn that was rising even above their own rejoicings, and which asserted that

> edgement Day is a-comin'
> An' how I long to be there

It was a wonderfully affecting sight, and it was not long before the whole church was in a tumult of rejoicing. These two damsels were very popular among their people, and every young man who had looked with longing eyes at Lucindy, or sighed for the brown hand of Maria Ann, joined in the shouting, if he was one of the "saved," or, if he was not, hastened up to fall prostrate at the mourners' bench. Thus were the Rev. Eleazar Jackson's meetings a great success, and his name became great in the land.

From the moment of their conversion Lucindy and Maria Ann went hand in hand into the good work for the benefit of the church, and they were spoken of as especially active young members. There was not a sociable to be given, nor a donation party to be planned, nor a special rally to be effected, but that these two consulted each other and carried the affair to a successful issue. The Rev. Eleazar often called attention to them in his exhortations from the pulpit, spoke of the beautiful harmony between them, and pointed it out as an example to the rest of his flock. He had a happy turn for phrase making, which he exercised when he called the two "twin sisters in the great new birth o' grace."

For a year the church grew and waxed strong, and the minister's power continued, and peace reigned. Then as the rain clouds creep slowly over the mountain top and bring the storm thundering down into the valley, so ominous signs began to appear upon the horizon of Bethel's religious and social life. At first these warning clouds were scarcely perceptible; in fact, there were those unbelievers who said that there would be no storm, but the mutterings grew louder.

The first sign of danger was apparent in the growing coolness between Lucindy and Maria Ann. They were not openly or aggressively enemies, but from being on that high spiritual plane, where the outward signs of fellowship were not needed, and on which they called each other by their first names, they had come down to a level which required, to indicate their relations one to the other, the interchange of "Sister Gibbs" and "Sister Woodyard." There had been a time when they had treated each other with loving and familiar discourtesy, but now they were scrupulously polite. If one broke in upon the other's remarks in church council, it was with an "Excuse me, Sis' Gibbs," or "I beg yo' pa'don, Sis' Woodyard," and each seemed feverishly anxious to sacrifice herself to make way for the other.

Then they came to work no more together. The separation was effected without the least show of anger. They simply drifted apart, and Lucindy found herself at the head of one faction and Maria Ann in the lead of another. Here for a time a good-natured rivalry was kept up, much to the increase of Bethel's finances and its minister's satisfaction. But an uncertain and less genial note began to creep into these contests as the Rev. Eleazar Jackson continued to smile upon both the ardent sisters.

The pastor at Bethel had made such a glowing record as a financier that the Bishop had expressed his satisfaction by a special letter, and requested that at the June rally he make an extra effort to raise funds for the missionary cause. Elated at this mark of distinction, and with visions of a possible Presiding Eldership in his mind, Mr. Jackson sought out his two most attractive parishioners and laid his case before them. It was in the chapel, immediately after the morning service, that he got them together.

"You see, sisters," he said, "Bethel have made a record which she have to sustain. She have de reputation o' bein' one o' the most lib'l chu'ches in de Confer'nce. Now we don't want to disa'point the Bishop when he picks us out to help him in such a good cause. O' co'se I knowed who I could depend on, an' so I come right to you sisters to see if you couldn't plan out some'p'n that would make a real big splurge at de June rally."

He paused and waited for the sisters to reply. They were both silent. This made him uneasy, and he said, "What you think, Sister Gibbs?"

"Oh," said Maria Ann, "I'm waitin' to hyeah f'om Sis' Woodyard."

"Oh, no," said Sister Woodyard politely, "don' wait on me, Sis' Gibbs. 'Spress yo'se'f, 'spress yo'se'f."

But Maria Ann still demurred. "I couldn't think o' puttin' my po' opinions up 'fo' Sis' Woodyard," she said. "I'd a good deal ruther wait to hyeah f'om my elders." She laid especial stress on the last word.

Lucindy smiled a smile so gentle that it was ominous. "I ain't holdin' back 'ecause I can't think o' nothin'," she said, "but jes' 'ecause I ain't been used to puttin' myse'f forrard, an' I don't like to begin it so late." And she smiled again.

The minister began to feel uneasy. Figurat'vely speaking both of the sisters seemed to be sparring for wind, and he thought it better to call the council to a close and see each one separately.

"Well," he said hurriedly, "I know you sisters will come to some conclusion, an' jes' 'pa't to me on next Wednesday night, an' I will pass a kind o' 'view over yo' plans, an' offer a su'jestion, mebbe. We want to do some'p'n that will bring out de people an' mek 'em give gen'ously of their means for de benefit o' de heathen."

The two sisters bowed very politely to each other, shook the minister's hand, and went their different ways.

It must have been Satan himself who effected the result of having both women hit upon the same plan of action. Maria Ann was pleased at her idea, and hastened to church on Wednesday evening to report it to the pastor, only to find that Lucindy Woodyard had been before her with the same plan.

"I mus' congratulate you, sisters," said the Rev. Eleazar, "bofe upon yo' diligence an' yo' fo'thought. It must 'a been P'ovidence that directed bofe yo' min's in de same channel."

Both the sisters were aghast. They had both suggested dividing the church into soliciting parties and giving a prize to the one collecting the highest amount of money. Perhaps the Devil was not so much concerned in making their minds revert to this as it appeared, as it is a very common device for raising money among [illegible] the women were [illegible] pointed.

"I'd jes' leave draw out an' let Sis' Gibbs go on an' manage dis affair," said Lucindy.

"I'd ruther be excused," said Maria Ann, "an' leave it in Sis' Woodyard's han's."

But the minister was wily enough to pour oil on the troubled waters, and at the same time to suggest a solution of the problem that would enlist the sympathies and ambition of both the women.

"Now I sug[illegible]," he said, "that bofe you sisters remains in dis contest [illegible] instid o' throwin' the competition open, you sisters by yo'se'ves each be de head o' a pa'ty that shall bring de money to you, an' the one of you that gets the most f'om her pa'ty shall have de prize."

Lucindy's eyes glittered, and Maria Ann's flashed, as they agreed to the contest with joyful hearts. Here should be a trial of both strength and prowess, and it would be shown who was worthy to walk the ways of life side by side with the Rev. Eleazar Jackson.

Joyfully they went to their tasks. Their enthusiasm inspired their followers with partisan energy. Side bantered side, and party taunted party, but the leaders kept up a magnificent calm. It was not they alone who knew that there was more at stake than the prize that was offered, that they had more in view than the good of the heathen souls. There were other eyes that saw and minds that understood besides those of Lucindy, Maria Ann and the preacher.

Pokey Williams, who was very warm in the Gibbs faction, called from the fence to her neighbor, Hannah Lewis, who was equally ardent on the other side. "How yo' collection come on, Sis' Lewis?"

"Oh, middlin', middlin'; de w'ite folks I wok fu' done p'omise me some'p'n, my grocery man he gwine give me some'p'n, an' I got fo' dollahs in little bits a'ready."

"Oomph," said Pokey, "you jes' boun' an' termine to ma'y Lucindy Woodyard to de preachah!"

"G'way f'om hyeah, Pokey, you is de beatenes'! How you gittin' on?"

"Heish, gal, my w'ite folks done gi' me ten dollahs [illegible] an' I'm jes' tacklin' evahbody I know."

"Ten dollahs! W'y, dey ain' no way fu' de preachah to git erway f'om Maria Ann Gibbs ef you keep on!"

The two waved their hands at each other and broke into a rollicking laugh.

The rally in June was the greatest the annals of Bethel Chapel had ever recorded. The prize decided upon was a gold watch, and on the evening that the report and decision were to be made, a hall had to be procured, for the chapel would not hold the crowd. A brief concert was given first to get the people in a good humor, and to whet their anxiety, and though the performers were well received, little attention was paid to them, for every one was on the *qui vive* for the greater drama of the evening. The minister was in his glory.

When the concert was over, he welcomed Lucindy and Maria Ann to the stage, where they sat, one on either side of him. The reports began. First one from Lucindy's side, then one from Maria Ann's, and so alternately through. It was very close. The people were leaning forward, eager and anxious for the issue. The reports came thick and fast, and the excitement grew as the sums increased. The climax was to be the reports of the two leaders themselves, and here Lucindy had shown her shrewdness. Maria Ann's side had begun to report first, and so their leader was compelled to state her amount first. There was a certain little reserve fund in the pocket of her opponent with which young Mrs. Worthington was somewhat acquainted, and it was to be used in case Maria Ann should excel her. Maria Ann made her report, reading from her book.

"'Co'din' to de returns made by my pa'ty, which you hev all hyeahed, they hev collected one hun'erd an' eight dollahs; addin' to that what I hev collected by myse'f, fifty-two dollahs, I returns to de chu'ch one hun'erd an' sixty dollahs."

Down in her lap Lucindy did some quick, surreptitious writing. Then she stood up.

"'Co'din' to de returns which my p'[illegible]'ty hev made, an' which you hev all hyeahed, they hev collected one hun'erd an' two dollahs, an' I, by my own individual effort"—she laid wonderful emphasis upon the last two words, "bring in sixty dollahs, mekin' the total one hun'erd an' sixty two dollahs, which I submit to de chu'ch."

There was a burst of applause from Lucindy's partisans, but Maria Ann was on her feet.

"I forgot," she said, "de last donation I received. Mrs. Judge Haines was kin enough to give me a check fu' ten dollahs which I didn't add in at fust, an' it brings my collection up to one hun'erd an' seventy dollahs."

The volume of applause increased as Maria Ann's statement, but it wavered into silence as Lucindy arose. She smiled down upon Maria Ann.

"I'm mighty thankful to de sister," she said, "fu' mindin' me o' some'p'n I mos' nigh fu'got. Mis' Cal'line Worthington desired to put her name down on my book fu' twenty dollahs, which brings my collection to one hun'erd an' eighty dollahs."

Mrs. Worthington looked across at Mrs. Haines and smiled. That lady raised her chin. An ashen hue came into Maria Ann Gibbs' face.

AN ASHEN HUE CAME INTO MARIA ANN GIBBS' FACE

With great acclamation the watch was awarded to Lucindy Woodyard, and in congratulating her the Rev. Eleazar Jackson held her hand perhaps a little longer than usual. Mrs. Worthington was standing near at the time.

"If I had known it meant this," she said to herself, "I wouldn't have given her that twenty dollars." The lady saw that she was likely to lose a good servant. When the meeting was out the preacher walked home with Lucindy.

On the following Thursday night the Afro-American Sons and Daughters of Hagar gave a dance at their hall on Main Street. Maria Ann Gibbs, the shining light of Bethel Church, went, and she danced. Bethel heard and mourned.

On the next Sunday she went to church. She walked in with Mose Moore, who was known to be a sinner, and she sat with him near the door, in the seat of the sinners.

The Rev. Eleazar Jackson went past Lucindy's house and they walked to church together. Lucindy had increased her stock of jewelry, not only by the watch, but by a bright gold ring which she wore on the third finger of her left hand. But if Maria Ann cared, she did not show it. She had found in the tents of the wicked what she could not get in the temple of the Lord.

The Making of a Journalist

By JULIAN RALPH

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THERE has grown up with the development of the modern newspaper a class of correspondents who are chosen to ferret out the perpetrators of mysterious crimes and to secure news whose possessors are doing their utmost to conceal it from the public.

Some call themselves "detective reporters," but this implies the possession of some mysterious gift, whereas the work requires nothing but a liking for it, a clearness of brain, and an indomitable perseverance. Without these no reporter or correspondent can ever become great in his profession. The only men on the press who can thrive without these qualities are the editorial and the descriptive writers. For my part, I do not believe that professional detectives require any higher qualities. We were all very highly entertained by Dr. Conan Doyle's conception of the wizard-like Sherlock Holmes; but no such gift, in anything like that degree of development, is possessed by any detective I ever saw in any part of the world.

Detectives in many countries are men of very ordinary intellect who have started as policemen, and by showing a liking for the study—and sometimes the company—of criminals have been promoted to become professional spies, or "sleuths." Newspaper men cannot do as clever work as they where the case requires a knowledge of the faces, haunts and habits of the evil-doers whom they pursue. It is when a crime is committed by some one not known to the police that the journalist and the detective are evenly matched, and then it is no wonder that the journalist often does better work than the policeman. It should be expected, I think. He is a much abler man, and would not deserve the credit he gives to himself were it not that he has to work unaided, if not obstructed, by the police, who usually deny him any credit when he has materially assisted them. Too many American detectives do their work by the aid of such criminals as can be found to betray their companions, and the assistance of the keepers of vicious resorts, who give secret information against their patrons in order to be protected, or unmolested, by the authorities.

I once knew an Irish detective who had read all the nonsense which has been written about Vidocq, the great French detective, and who was thus inspired to make himself appear as subtle and mysterious as possible. Whenever he set out to go to a place he always started in the contrary direction and then turned and doubled on his tracks. Whenever he read a letter or a memorandum—even though it was only a bill from his shoemaker—he either chewed it up or burned it. If he saw a man let himself hurriedly or uncommonly quietly into a house at night he regretted that he could not take a room opposite the house and watch it for a few weeks. If his friends addressed him out loud by name on the streets he was very angry, and if a mere acquaintance saluted him he denied his identity. Of course, all these were mere monkeyshines, calculated to impress men of his own mental calibre. When he undertook the greatest piece of work in his career, which was to discover the assailant of a well-to-do woman in New York, he fixed the crime upon her husband, "because he and she had occupied separate apartments in their home."

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE THAT SAVED A LIFE

Neither criminals nor police have ever attracted or interested me, and detective reporting has taken little of my time, yet I have been obliged to give these people and subjects some attention, for the most part unavoidably. One of the most novel of my minor experiences was one which led many of my fellow-citizens to say that I saved an innocent person from a shameful death. It was a case of pitting cold logic against detective stupidity; for what milder term can I give to that too common habit with some police of making an arrest and then twisting and distorting evidence to fit the bird in hand, rather than acknowledge his innocence and set themselves the more difficult task of finding the real culprit. In this case a chemist in a great city employed a prescription clerk and an errand boy.

The life and companions of the clerk were disgraceful, while the boy was a poor orphan who had worked hard and steadily from infancy without a blot upon his character. The clerk came to bed in his room in the rear of the shop at a very late hour one morning, and presently arose again to let in the boy, who reported at the proper hour. The boy immediately went out to buy his employer's breakfast, and while he was gone a neighbor walked in, heard an unaccountable noise of groaning, and found the clerk dying of wounds made by a hatchet which lay by his side. A few minutes later the boy returned, cool, frank of face and manner, and cleanly dressed in the only suit of clothing he possessed. Nevertheless, he was selected by the police to be charged with the crime, and for weeks he was put through every ingenious test and subjected to every trick—fair and unfair—which the police could invent to make him confess his guilt. Traps were set for him, detectives were locked up in his cell with him in the guise of fellow-prisoners, all that was known of the affair was distorted to apply to him, despite the fact that the dying man had said that "After the boy went out I stooped to tie my shoe and *a man* struck me." I owe it to Chester S. Lord, the managing editor of the New York Sun, to say that he gave me the commission, and was first stirred by the humane impulse to save the boy. I merely executed the task, and succeeded in freeing the lad by means of a calm two-column statement of the unquestioned facts. By concealment of some facts, and the distortion of others, the case against the boy had been made to appear convincing; but when the whole truth was massed candidly beside the unbroken good record of the prisoner's life the police fabric fell to pieces like a house built of cards. The incident is worth mentioning because it shows that logic and sober sense may just as well be used to defeat the abuse of justice as in executing it; and, again, to be able to overthrow the plans of a wonderful body of officials with a mere report in a newspaper demonstrates the power of a journalist—that power which lends to his calling so much of its fascination.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

RUNNING DOWN AN INCENDIARY

If I once gained his liberty for a boy, it is but frank to admit that I, at another time, deprived a man of his. There had been a remarkable series of fires in a certain country region. Barns, sheds, even occupied farmhouses, had been mysteriously fired, and night after night the red glare of burning buildings increased the panic of a quiet community. I happened in the neighborhood one morning after some vagrants had been arrested upon the vaguest suspicion that one of them might have had a hand in the incendiarism.

As business with the Sheriff took me to the jail, I went through that building. How or why I came to converse with the wretched prisoners, whose chief interest lay in the commonplace fact that they were vagrants, I do not know, yet I did so, and one, a negro, confessed that he was the "firebug" who had been terrifying the countryside. He was a feeble-minded creature, with an irresistible penchant for arson. He said that he confessed his crime to me because I was not a constable. He wished to ease his mind, but would not give the authorities the satisfaction to talk with them. I made a bargain with the authorities by which I left them to obtain the confession anew for themselves (without obliging me to give testimony), while I secured what is called a "beat" for my paper—a "beat" being an exclusive piece of news, and the getting thereof being the highest aim and the proudest achievement of a correspondent.

To play the detective and be taken for the criminal is a mishap the like of which I have heard of only once, except when it happened to me. And then it gave me a shock as great as may be looked for even in the exciting career of a correspondent. The case of which I heard was that of an English journalist of note who, I believe, is an editorial writer rather than a correspondent, although on the occasion in question he was traveling and writing for an English newspaper. He had been in Berlin and had gained an idea that his friends in authority there were withholding important and disturbing information concerning the military doings of the Austrians. Something very like a war cloud hovered above the borders of Austria and Russia, and he determined to go to the scene and judge for himself. He speaks German fluently, or one would be appalled to think what might easily have become his fate.

AN ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT'S CLOSE CALL

He went to a city on the Russo-Austrian border, and stopping at a hotel merely long enough to drop his luggage, he hired a carriage and told the driver to go the rounds of the fortifications at the outer edge of the city. Coming to a point where the Russians were throwing up earthworks in front of the Austrian line, he saw a Russian officer and small posse of men, and thinking that a word with him might throw some light upon the situation, he leaped from the carriage, saluted the Russian and exchanged two or three sentences with him. "It looks like business," he said in effect. "Yes, it looks very like business," the Russian replied. The journalist did not suspect it, but he was being watched, and his actions appeared very suspicious. He returned to his carriage and drove back to his hotel.

At dinner that night the proprietor of the hotel came to him and whispered, "You are to be arrested in a few minutes, and I thought I would give you warning so that you might be prepared and not say or do anything thoughtlessly. You are taken for a German spy, but I believe you are an Englishman, and that the military authorities are mistaken." He was arrested and carried to the massive fortress of the place. Some perfectly innocent letters were found upon him, and tended to confirm the suspicion against him, because they were from high German officials. Worse yet, the telegram which he sent to his paper in England, asking his employers to vouch that he was their correspondent, was not answered. Telegrams to Berlin brought immediate assurances that he was a distinguished English journalist, but the Governor of the castle said that this promptness and anxiety to befriend him were things to be expected, and were more damaging than helpful. The Governor dined with the prisoner, who knew that he stood a very likely chance of disappearing from the sight of his friends without as much to mark his exit as the circles made by a pebble cast into a pond. He made the utmost of his opportunity to impress and interest his jailer. He was desperate. He talked all that dinner time, and then talked harder over coffee, and finally kept the Governor up hours after the meal was cleared away, nervously, excitedly going over every argument and statement he could devise to prove that he was merely a journalist who was looking out for "copy" for his paper.

On the next day the Governor assured the other officials that he was convinced the prisoner stated the truth as to his identity and calling. The happy fellow was ordered out of town, and accompanied to the railway station by a guard of soldiers, to make sure that the place was rid of his disturbing presence. The Governor told him that but for his knowledge of the German tongue he could never have cleared himself, and must have been imprisoned.

A MYSTERY AND A STRANGE ADVENTURE

That of which I speak as happening to me occurred in a widely different field, and was not carried far enough to be as serious as the London writer's mishap, yet there is a similarity between the cases. As I reported the affair to my own paper soon afterward, "it was merely an episode in a reporter's life, one of those adventures which make the career of a newspaper correspondent the most exciting, the most picturesque, and one of the most hazardous in the multifarious roll of employments."

In this case a beautiful girl had been found dead by a roadside close to her home. The crime stirred the most populous part of the United States. Its mystery was absolute, and never yet has been pierced. The reporters of the press of several cities met at the scene and literally sifted the neighborhood for an inkling of the guilty. Night and day they worked, and night and day, as is so often the case, the police loafed about with garrulous solemnity, increasing in stupidity. I, for one, discovered facts which would have justified the arrest and trial of one of the deceased girl's neighbors, but the police could not be aroused to look into his connection with the case.

MR. RALPH TAKEN FOR A CRIMINAL

One afternoon, when I was at the house of the afflicted family, I had the adventure of which I write. The wretched people were very ignorant and superstitious. It seemed certain to them that the crime had been committed by some stranger. My enthusiastic interest in the case forced my personality upon their minds, and they fell into the mistake of doubting that I was a journalist and of suspecting that my interest in the case was of the sort that is often dwelt upon in fiction as compelling a villain to loiter near the scene or by the victim of his misdeed. The brothers of the murdered girl were street laborers. They were present, with a male friend or two. Their mother invited me into the dismal parlor, and all advanced to the side of the coffin except one brawny man, who stayed behind to close and guard the only door to the room. I had noticed a strange awkwardness in their behavior toward me, but suspected nothing, and accepted the invitation to view the body, first, because it was a natural thing for them to proffer, and second, because I needed to know what fashion of woman the deceased had been. But now that I was in the room, and a prisoner, one of the burly brothers turned and said:

"Put your hand upon her."

"Yes, put your hand on the body," echoed another.

I realized at once that I was suspected of being the miscreant for whom all were searching, and that I was in the presence of one of the oldest and strongest superstitions that has taken root in ignorant minds the world over—the belief that a body will turn or its wounds will reopen if it is touched by the person who caused its death.

"Put your hand there."

"Nonsense; I don't want to," said I.

"You *must* do it," said the brawnier of the two brothers, with a look like a threat that he meant to use force.

I would have died before I would have done as he bade me.

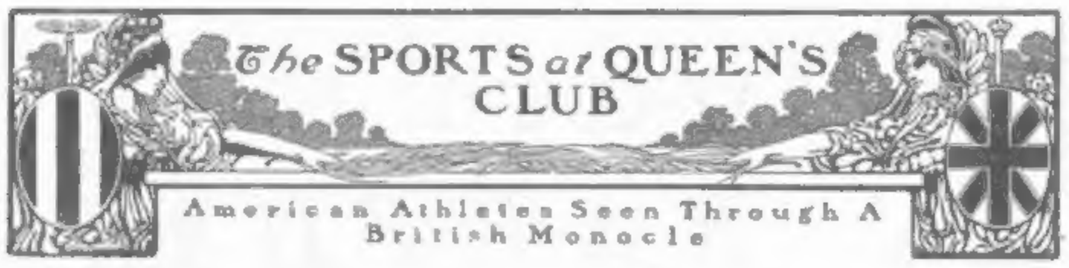
"I will not do it," I answered. "I understand why you want me to, but I never saw your sister in life, and never was in this town until after her death. I am a journalist, and am known as such to many of my companions who are here. This is all nonsense, and I warn you to drop it and let me out of this room."

I turned quickly, and walking to the man who guarded the door, fixed his eyes with mine, and in a tone of absolute mastery commanded him to let me out. He dropped his eyes and stood aside, and I walked out into air that tasted freer and fresher than I had ever known air to taste, though the same sensation has come upon me more than once since then in distant parts of the earth.

When Barr was Mistaken for a Policeman

THE talented brother of Robert Barr, the novelist, well known to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, has cause to remember the last visit of Bill Nye to London. The humorist was lunched at the Authors' Club in the afternoon by a brilliant company, and in the evening he was the guest of honor at the new Vagabond Club, where newspaper men foregather in their idle hours. Nye was brought in by Douglas Sladen after the dinner was well under way, but it was plainly seen that he was ill. When he rose to speak he was seized with a fainting fit and fell to the floor unconscious. It fell to the lot of young Barr to see the American to his lodgings.

Nye had at that time a most officious valet, who usually accompanied his employer when he was out late at night. On this occasion he stayed at home. When Barr and the semi-unconscious Nye reached the lodgings, the latter, taking Barr for a policeman, handed him a tuppence. Half indignant, half amused, Barr tried to drop the money in Nye's pocket, when the door opened and the valet appeared. Thinking that Barr was trying to rob his master, he immediately threw himself upon him, calling loudly for the police, and it was only after the sturdy Mr. Barr had severely punished the valet that he was able to jump into the cab and drive back to the club.



WHEN the Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, reached Queen's Club grounds, West Kensington, the young giants from Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Cambridge had just stepped out upon the green sward to begin the International University contests. The Prince drove down in an open carriage from Marlborough House and had his laugh on the way.

His Royal Highness is tremendously popular on the streets. The cabby and the 'busman glory in him, and never let him pass without giving him the time o' day, and the Prince invariably returns their greetings and runs up against many amusing comments. This glorious Saturday, so great was the turnout of carriages—many going in the direction of the sports—that traffic became rather congested in the narrow High Street, Kensington. As the Prince's carriage came spinning along the coachman was under the necessity of pulling up behind a cumbersome Hammersmith 'bus, full inside and out. The 'bus conductor, seeing the Prince brought to a standstill, ran upstairs and shouted across to the driver:

"Bill, pull out o' the bloomin' way. The Prince wants to pass."

The driver shoved his weatherbeaten face far over the side of the 'bus to make sure, and when he saw it really was the Prince of Wales, he flourished his whip to attract the attention of the heir to the throne, and shouted, "All right, Teddy; I'll let ye pass." The Prince enjoyed a good chuckle, and as he passed nodded his thanks to the genial driver.

In order to do right by the visitors, we had a week of genuine summer, with brilliant sunshine such as English summers rarely supply. It was too hot for our full-blooded people, and the Underground Railway tunnel was little short of a fiery furnace. The Harvard-Yale men could not have happened upon England in more glorious weather, and to be sure, hot, clear sunshine is the thing to bring out the best points of athletes. To begin with, the Prince put off a prior engagement so that he might be present, and as the weather was not the kind to go well with silk hats and frock coats, he had it announced a couple of days before the event that he intended to turn up in light clothes, so that visitors could don whatever clothes they liked best and still be "good form." As a consequence, the Englishmen as a rule dispensed with the silk hat, but the Americans seemed to have made up their minds to err on the safe side, and came arrayed in irreproachable form. The American Ambassador, surrounded by many well-known countrymen and women, occupied a prominent stand, and to give a list of English lords and ladies and great ones who entered the gates would fill a column. The Right Honorable A. J. Balfour, leader of the House of Commons, who takes as keen an interest in sports as in politics, looked much happier than when on the floor of Parliament.

THE OUTBURST OF THE "ROOTERS"

Since the Yale-Oxford competition a few years ago something has come over the great American nation. The citizens have grown much less demonstrative, although, to tell the truth, Americans are still ever so much more emotional than Englishmen. On the occasion of Yale's first visit here, not the enthusiasm, but the outward and visible display of enthusiasm of the Americans amused us English. The best stand had been set aside for the use of the friends of Yale, and every seat was occupied. Above their stand floated the Stars and Stripes. We insular Englishmen scanned the rows of people with critical interest, saw that both ladies and gentlemen were dressed in the height of good taste, and that we could find nothing to cavil at excepting that a few—a very few—gentlemen, wearing silk hats and frock coats, had donned tan boots. An Englishman would die rather than wear tanned boots—with a frock coat. With this exception, as I say, the Americans were exquisitely attired. They were bright and beautiful, the ladies genteelly animated and deliciously gowned. It looked for all the world as though they had come prepared to pass the afternoon, as had we, in silent contemplation of the strivings of the chosen champions.

The first item on the program that year, the hundred yards, was run. Oxford men occupying first and second places at the finish, and a ripple of sedate hand-clapping ran around the ground, while a few "Bravo, Oxfords" punctuated the ripple. A few of us opened our mouths long enough to say that we fancied the time was slow, and—the hundred yards was done with.

At the running of the next event what a mighty change! The runner was a strapping young man from Yale, and when he crossed the line well ahead of his Oxford opponents, and the Stars and Stripes shot to the top of the pole, officially announcing the win, that grandstand, hitherto so placidly demure, exploded. In the twinkling of an eye it burst into a fierce fever-flush of flaming, fluttering, flaunting flags with the word "Yale" in truculent letters upon each. It was a bedlam of banners, a chaos of color. The hitherto unruffled and tranquil gathering of men and women lifted their voices in strident cries of "Yale, Yale, Yale!" till they startled the very sea-fowl nestling all around our coasts. The men sprang upon the seats, the ladies jumped to their feet, and from mysterious places came those flags that cracked "Bravos" and "Well-dones" to the winner.

Such a joyous flurry of flags and hilarious commotion was never before seen under England's dun sky. When it had reached its uproarious climax a young man, a born leader, seized a support, and with hat held aloft silently demanded silence. His action instantly throttled the din. Then, beating time with his silk hat, that young man gave the cue for a series of yells so unearthly that they would have stampeded a cargo of frozen beef. It was the first time ninety-nine out of every hundred of us had ever heard a college yell—for no English college has one—and the effect on us benighted ones was pitiable. Proceedings on the cinder-path and grass came to an appalling standstill; judges, starters, time-takers, measurers, every one English dropped his jaw and gazed at that ebullient stand, half hesitating whether to turn tail and fly rather than to stand still and run the risk of being tomahawked and scalped. Never was there a more astounded crowd.

DISGUISING ATHLETES AS SANDWICH-MEN

The fame of that wonderful scene had been spread far and wide, and about one-half the Englishmen visited Queen's Club this time to hear the college cry and witness the waving flags. We heard the cry and saw the flags, but, bless you, the falling off in noise was woful. Judging from the crowd this day, the Americans who once took their pleasures madly, now are beginning to take them, as we are said to do, sadly. True, there are many things connected with Americans which we insular islanders still must look upon as "loud." To instance one or two things: the atrociously colossal "Y" each Yale man and "H" each Harvard man has in the front of his sweater seems altogether out of place, and on a beautiful green sward or trimly kept cinder-path is brutally unpicturesque, and out of keeping with the spirit of amateurism and college life. I rather think the "Y" has decreased in size since the first visit—maybe having seen it before, it now does not strike one quite so harshly—but still the effect is that of a sandwich-man. One would think that to the back of a mighty letter the college had pasted its best athlete. It is "Where is that letter Y going with that man?" Over here a hint of color, light blue or dark blue, designates the University, and the letter looks loud. But it may be prejudice.

Allow me to continue with my petty criticisms. Another matter that struck us spectators who are accustomed to watching racing amateurs was the painful appearance of partial collapse on one and all of the Harvard-Yale men. Awaiting the American runners at the winning-post were friends who at the finish of the race grabbed their men, and each competitor ambled off the path with his arms flung in a hopeless way around the necks of two assistants. This was done not only at the end of the three-mile race—a terribly punishing race it was—but at the finish of the mile, and even the quarter-mile.

With the exception of the three-mile winner, no Englishman accepted assistance, but all turned around and made their own way out of sight. I would not dare to repeat this had it been said by a Britisher, but it was said by a New York pressman, who heard his fellow-journalists commenting on the strange circumstance of such general assistance. He said, "Your fellows are too cold-blooded to play to the gallery. That collapse fetches the women every time."

THE DASH OF "FLYING FOX"

But it was a glorious meeting, and everything went off in magnificent good spirit and fairness. The Americans began by taking hold of that heavy hammer and heaving it clear out of sight. Our fellows could only stand and look on; they could not begin to make an impression on Messrs. Boal and Brown, of Harvard. We were simply not in it; and once the brawny Boal threw, all we could do was to get out our telescopes and try to find the hammer. The hundred yards, too, make us quake in our shoes, and begin to doubt the chances of the old country. Every one over here counted on Thomas, of Oxford, squeezing home in front, but after seventy-five yards had been run, Quinlan, of Harvard, slipped in and helped himself to the event by a foot. Fox, of Harvard, was a revelation. As he shot well ahead toward the end of the hurdle race some big-lunged Englishman in a North-country accent shouted, "Hurrah, Flying Fox!" and the crowd laughed, for it will be remembered Flying Fox won this year's Derby. He is called nothing but Flying Fox now. We, too, had rather expected our Cambridge champion to notch that race for us, but he was hopelessly out of it. The daylight of a generation was between the two at the finish. However, the four other big races fell to England, and these, together with the long jump, allowed the old land to just get home.

The games proved America to be a nation of sprinters. The young men from over sea were more alert, and cleverer at a dash; were more brilliant than the Englishmen; but the long races as clearly showed them not to be so capable of standing punishment as the Englishmen. In every event where knack and dash did the trick, Harvard men won; where a long-drawn-out fight occurred, with heavy punishment all the way, the Englishmen stayed the better by far. It is a case of paying money and taking choice.

A Plea for an Automobile Fauna

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

THE automobile wave which is passing over the country has astonished even the most hardy prophet, rich in experience of the bicycle inundation. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that at present everything points to the speedy coming of the time when automobiles will have supplanted the horse-drawn vehicle almost to the extent that the railroad car has taken the place of the stage-coach.

A change of this magnitude cannot, of course, take place without attracting the attention of the working philosopher. No aspect of the case is receiving his thoughtful consideration more than the blow which it administers to the horse, already hard hit by the bicycle and the trolley car. It is noticed in the output of some of these philosophic laborers that the passing of the horse is deplored, the idea being put forward, with the usual professional eye on basic principles, that the severance of man from the noble animal is going to have a bad effect on character, and so forth. No amount of association, they argue, with the mildly choo-chooing automobile can do so much for a man as going about with the noble horse, an animal, it may be observed, liable at any moment to kick your hat off or to shy at a harmless stationary policeman.

It may be permitted us to doubt the entire soundness of such philosophic deductions, even when they bear the union label. What, after all, is the horse, and is man uplifted by him?—except, of course, when the intelligent animal elevates him with his volcanic rear hoofs. The horse has certainly made much progress since the time he was trotting about no bigger than a fox, and with several toes on each foot; but as man at that period still awaited the daring inventor who should first point out the advantages of the hickory club over one's own jaws in seizing one's prey, it can readily be seen that the horse has not advanced so much as we have.

It seems as if organized society could spare the horse. If all the tales told of the horse by the writers of children's stories would permit themselves to be believed, no doubt it would be hard to make out a case against him, ranging as they do from his opening the barn door with his teeth to his breaking into a telegraph office and sending a dispatch with his prehensile nose; but such is not the case.

It is to be hoped, by the way, that however sweeping the invasion of automobiles may become, that a few horses may at least be retained for literary purposes; it will be exceedingly difficult to lend verisimilitude to the scene of an electric brougham standing over its disabled master, neighing loudly for assistance, or of a gasoline road-wagon snorting off to the nearest Justice of the Peace because its driver is in controversy with a footpad.

Instead of deploring the passing away of the horse let us pray further to be emancipated from the tyranny of the crude domestic animal. We have made great progress; the ox is gone; the cow, it is said, is becoming extinct—the creak of the substituted pump is heard in the workshop of every humorist in the land; the hen, judging from the condition of her best-known product as it manifests itself in our markets, has been banished to a clime many, many miles distant; there remains the dog alone to drag us down.

Let us have an automobilian dog—a dog made of iron and things, compact and nickel-plated to guard against rust, and operated by a small naphtha engine; with two barks, one the deep, musical bay of the poet to welcome his home-coming master, and another, harsh and raucous as the roar of a seven-headed dragon, for the tramp. The new dog shall also have a bite to go with his bark. Then, with a touch of wag for his tail, adjustable—horizontal for ordinary use, and perpendicular when his master lives in a small flat—he shall stand a worthy crown to this wonderful century of invention and progress.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For Next Week Will Contain:

The Nuisance

This is the story of a molly-coddle and how the sea made a man of him; how a malodorous pipe lost him his sweetheart, and how a hurricane restored her.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

The Tragedy of the Gayety Theatre

This is a strong story of a real-life drama that was enacted behind the scenes of a New Orleans playhouse.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

Famous Humorists I Have Known

In this entertaining article the foremost of American lecture managers tells the brightest episodes of his thirty years' contact with the wits and humorists of England and America.

By MAJOR JAMES B. POND

The Making of a Journalist

In this installment the writer continues his humorous and entertaining anecdotes of the life of a reporter.

By JULIAN RALPH

Gentlemen of the Sea

An account of Lieutenant Barney's thrilling escape from an English prison, and subsequent adventures with pirates.

By EDWARD S. MACLAY

The Bride of the Pastor Emeritus

A curious love story which culminates in a unique marriage.

By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Some of the

POST'S NEW FEATURES

Edwin Markham

The California poet who set a whole continent thinking, will contribute poems and editorials to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

• • •

A Page of Humor

Oliver Herford, the author-artist, will write and draw characteristic whimsicalities of rhyme and line for the POST. Among other features of the POST's weekly page of humor will be:

Famous Jokes I Have Met: chatty interviews with well-known American jests, conducted and recorded by Tudor Jenks.

A series of Political Fables by Austin Bierbower, with pictures by Verbeek.

The Sayings of Seth: some humorous little tales by Chester Peake, based on the philosophy of Judge Abner Seth.

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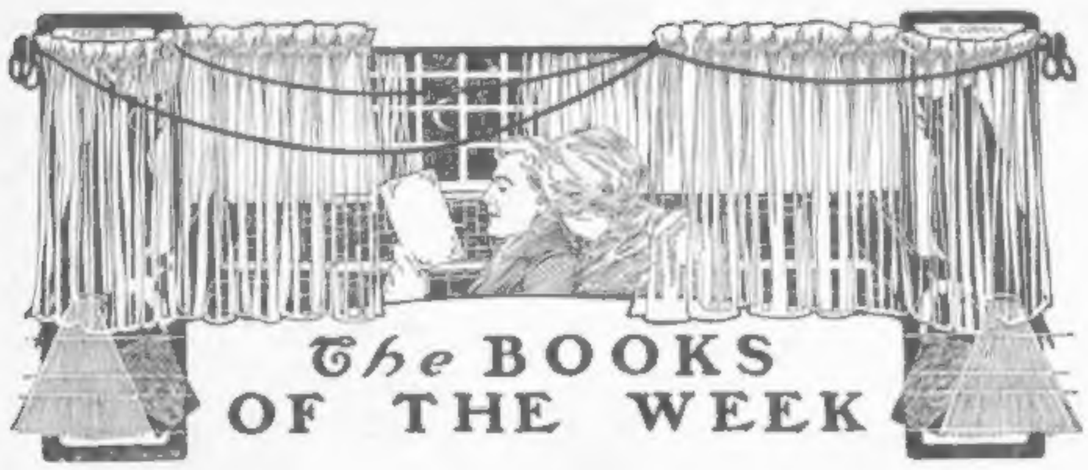


The BOOKS OF THE WEEK

The Story of an Extra Sense*

TO READ a volume of short stories all through at one time is a wanton performance, and all the more so if the stories are so unlike that the atmosphere changes as you go from one to another. The present reviewer, who bolted the whole of Margaret Sutton Briscoe's The Sixth Sense and Other Stories at one sitting, acknowledges the inexpediency of this method.

The Sixth Sense is a remarkable tale, ingenious, ingratiating, and worthy of protracted consideration. It "keeps you guessing" from beginning to end. The publishers describe it on the cover as a true story of the Civil War, and so it is, but that doesn't cover the ground. To one who has never studied psychology, the story seems like a psychological study. At any rate, it is the record of the development of charm in a woman; of the awakening of a stunted nature by new associations, new loves and new sympathies; of the development of the heart, and through that of the mind, and all as the result of a most curious chain of circumstances. There isn't a sword drawn nor a pistol fired in the whole story. The incidents are all peaceful in themselves, and set in domesticity, yet the interest in the development of the tale is absorbing, and the action, when it comes, is swift and concentrated to a breathless degree. Talk in a competent mouth is a mighty weapon. To watch it flash, search, parry, press, and finally disarm the opponent is better sport than to watch the clashing of rapiers.

Mrs. Briscoe is a great master of this sort of fencing by word of mouth. She shows her skill at it in this story, and again in another, This Mortal Coil, where the situation is again ingenious, and where again two persons, far apart at the opening of the discussion, are brought to terms and compelled to a reluctant but inevitable union by the strenuous interchange of their sentiments.

The reviewer does not insist that such things happen in actual life as Mrs. Briscoe has set forth in these two psychological tales; but they ought to happen. There is power enough of wits in the stories to produce momentous results, and similar expenditure of force in real life ought to have analogous issues. There are nine stories in Mrs. Briscoe's book, and they are all good. Four or five of them are humorous, and they are cheerfully entertaining. One or two are sentimental, and they are well done, too. Truly the reviewer is surprised at this story-book—at the merit there is in it; the power, in some places; the ingenuity, and the skill and liveliness of wit throughout. It would seem as if the mind that worked out the Sixth Sense might employ itself profitably in devising plays.

In the Heart of Tennessee†

"MRS. BRISCOE" is really Mrs. Hopkins, the wife of Professor Hopkins, of Amherst College. To speak of her as Mrs. Briscoe when writing of her books is a compromise, and probably indefensible, for though she once was *Miss* Briscoe, *Mrs.* Briscoe she never was. The liability of women who write to change their names sometimes embarrasses the reviewer, doubtless to the mischievous satisfaction of the author.

It is so universally known that Charles Egbert Craddock is Miss Murfree that it would be an affectation to speak of The Bushwhackers as "his" book. It is "hers."

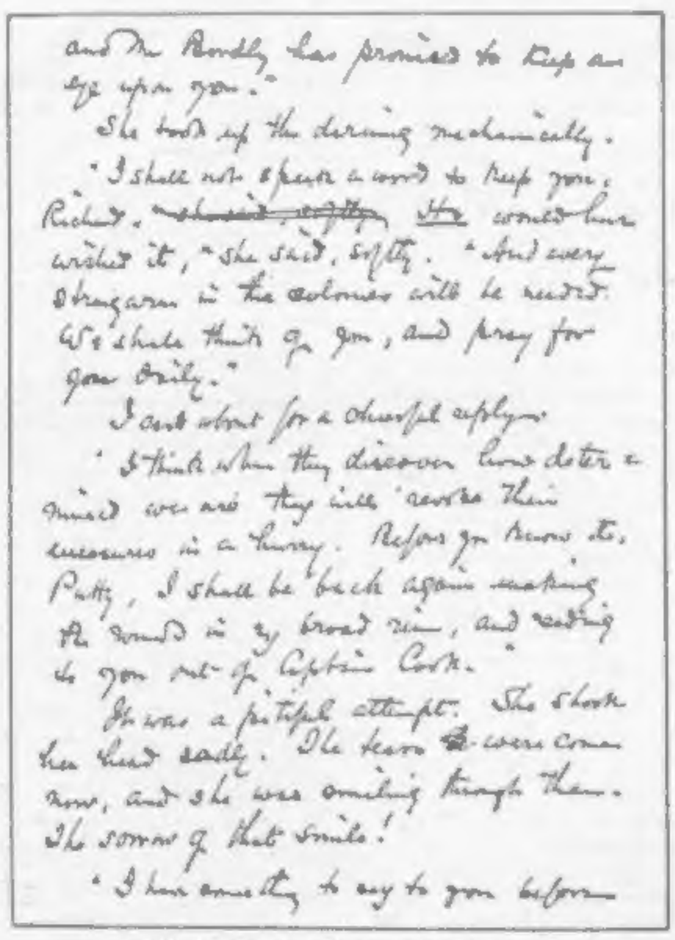
There are three stories in Miss Murfree's new volume, all concerned with her part of the country, but varying in their time. The Bushwhackers is a Civil War story; Choolah the Chicksaw has to do with the pre-Revolutionary French and Indian War, and Panther of Jolton's Ridge is concerned with moonshiners and kindred people, and is apparently a narrative of our own time. There is a suggestion of Hawthorne in these tales. The action is rather slow, the digressions are frequent and deliberate, there are blemishes of style—"to agitatedly flop" does not seem a warrantable use of language—but the atmosphere of the stories has a touch of magic in it, and the characters are clear. They impress themselves strongly on the mind, as their setting does upon the imagination. The setting is sombre, but it has grandeur; the characters are rude, but they have strength. And yet Miss Murfree is not at her best in these stories. They have the qualities that she puts into her work, but she has written better tales than these, and doubtless will write better ones again.

A Romance of New Sweden‡

I NEVER read in the newspapers of a burial in the Old Swedes burying-ground at Wilmington, Delaware, without wondering a moment who the particular Old Swedes were who started the churchyard and resolving to look up in a history book the facts about the early Swedish settlement in America. Miss Emma Rayner has done that particular bit of work, and much more, for she has made a picture of the Swedish pioneers that will stay in the mind far longer than the facts that reward a hasty search of the earliest chapters of America's history.

In Castle and Colony is a good historical novel in which facts thrashed out of the records are well worked in with a narrative of personal adventure and experience. So far as the present reviewer knows, there has been no previous venture in this field, and the undertaking, ably carried out by Miss Rayner, was well worth attempting.

The story covers the period of the early strife between the Dutch and the Swedes for the possession of the Delaware River, and includes a lively narrative of the successful expedition sent from New Amsterdam by Governor Peter Stuyvesant to capture the strongholds of New Sweden. There is everything in the book that such a story ought to have: Indians, colonists, soldiers, love-making, trading, fighting, hazards dared in the woods and on the waters; evil designs frustrated; difficulties overcome. It is a good story for anybody's reading, but one would think it might prove of especial interest to the Americans of Swedish descent who have accumulated in such considerable numbers of late years in the West. Do they know the story of New Sweden? It is a story of defeat; but now, two centuries later, the Swedes are strong again in a land where rivals no longer harass nor jealousies distress them. —*E. S. Martin.*



A FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MANUSCRIPT OF RICHARD CARVEL

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Machine Guns Photographed in Action.—Lieutenant John H. Parker, in his book, The Gatlings at Santiago, has made the guns tell their own tale of the firing-line. Lieutenant Parker, a Missourian by birth, was one of the Regulars who received special mention in the official reports from the field, and the fine literary touch which he gives to his story proves him to be a man of parts. The author carried his camera along with the gatling-guns, and he has preserved for all time the good and bad actions of the famous machines of destruction.

The Hawaiian's Two Enemies.—Miss Mary Krout, author of Hawaii and a Revolution, was formerly a reporter and editor on the staff of a Chicago paper. She is a fine horse-woman and oars-woman, and therefore thoroughly enjoyed the Hawaiian outdoor life, the chief amusements being surf-board racing and pony riding. Her idea of the situation is well expressed in her words, "Anglicizing is slowly doing its work, apart from the gin and restraining clothing, which are held partially responsible for the decay of the race." Miss Krout has just left this country for China.

Two of Whittier's Women Friends.—Another member of the famous Whittier circle has passed away in Mrs. Frances Mace, the gifted poet. She was an unusually fruitful writer, her work appearing in book form and in the leading magazines of the country. She is probably best known by the hymn, Only Waiting, and her dedicatory poem to Longfellow, upon the unveiling of the famous English bust of Longfellow presented to the Maine State Historical Association. The Prince of Wales was Chairman of the committee, and the poem is one of his favorites.

John G. Whittier was very fond of the poems of Mrs. Mace and Lucy Larcom. At one time, upon being asked by Mrs. Mace what he liked best in the Pine Tree State, he replied:

"I like Maine, Mrs. Mace, for two of its productions: Hannibal Hamlin and his statesmanship, and thee and thy poetry."

Once Whittier and Lucy Larcom were out driving, and the Quaker was vainly trying to manage a skittish horse while Miss Larcom went from one fit of hysterics into another. Whittier bore it as long as he could and then said: "Friend Lucy, if thee does not quit, both thee, me and the horse will be in Kingdom Come very shortly."

The Confounding of Dr. Baring-Gould.—Baring-Gould is about to bring out some Cornish myths and legends. Doctor Gould is a clergyman of much eloquence, and occasionally lectures in the Provinces upon his favorite subject, old Cornish songs and ballads. Upon one occasion he gave his famous lecture and illustrated it by humming some pathetic songs. To the lecturer's dismay, an old lady burst out laughing at the opening of the ballads, and at the close was laughing more heartily than ever. After the entertainment he asked her the cause.

"Well, Mr. Minister," she replied, "your cravat was on crooked, and there was a fly on the end of your nose."

Doctor Gould says that after that incident he always refused to deliver his lecture upon pathetic ballads until his cravat was tied properly and a piece of fly-paper or a fly-trap placed on the pulpit.

Hall Caine's Courage Doubted.—The report that Hall Caine is to write a novel of American life is not too persistently denied to be true. He told some friends in New York that he certainly had admirable material for one. These friends are wondering whether he will use a little incident which occurred while he was dining with them. Mr. Caine was commenting most flatteringly upon American bravery and the courage of the Anglo-Saxon in general. The hostess' little son looked up into his face and said:

"Are you afraid of a big cannon?"

"No," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, you are," repeated the boy. "I know you are. Are all Englishmen afraid of big cannon?"

"Most decidedly not," answered the Manxman; "and why, may I ask, do you think I am afraid of them?"

"Oh, 'cause you said last night you were afraid of watermelon and ice cream, and a big cannon is very much worse."

A New Poet of the West.—And now we have a "Poet Lariat" in Harry Ellard, of Stirrup Ranch, Cañon City, Colorado, who has been breaking horses and writing poetry for the Colorado papers and the English magazines. His poems will be brought out soon by a New York house and simultaneously in London.

A Persian Soldier's Conundrum.—The Rev. Samuel Graham Wilson, M. A., author of Persian Life and Customs, is a missionary who has lived in the land he writes about for more than thirty years. To show that the Persian peasant is not devoid of humor, the Doctor tells the following experience:

"A soldier was an attaché of a Royal household, and, besides soldiering, he had to write poems and tell conundrums and improvise puzzles. One day, after not having been paid for either military or other duties, he said to his master:

"'I have a conundrum, Your Excellency!'

"'What is it?'

"'Tell me what it is which has a name but no existence?'

"The master thought for some time and then exclaimed, 'I give it up; now tell me the answer!'

"'My salary,' the peasant groaned, dropping on his knees for daring to be so bold."

Mrs. Crowninshield's Sea Stories.—Mrs. Crowninshield, wife of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, U. S. N., is one of the few writers of fiction who only touches upon subjects with which she is thoroughly familiar. She has frequently accompanied her husband on his cruises, and her Where the Trade Wind Blows, and Latitude 19°, are the results of her experiences.

The Rear-Admiral, her husband, comes of a distinguished line of sailormen. His great-grandfather and a granduncle were both Secretaries of the Navy. He himself was Captain of the warship Maine before Captain Sigsbee sailed her into Havana harbor.

*The Sixth Sense. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. *Harper Brothers.*

†The Bushwhackers. By Charles Egbert Craddock. *H. S. Stone & Co.*

‡In Castle and Colony. By Emma Rayner. *H. S. Stone & Co.*

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MODERN FABLES

No. 4—FASTIDIOUSNESS. By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

A FASTIDIOUS ox would not drink standing in the water with his head turned down stream lest he should soil the water with his feet. But once when drinking with his head turned up stream he saw a whole drove of hogs washing in the water above him.

FAMOUS JOKES I HAVE MET

The Mother-in-Law—an Official Interview

By TUDOR JENKS

WHEN the Ancient and United Order of American Humorists had passed the resolution to pension a half-dozen of the most serviceable Jokes, I gave my vote in the affirmative without thought of any personal connection with their official action. It was therefore a complete surprise to me when I was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Selection of Beneficiaries.

I pleaded in vain that my own debt to these well-worn Jokes was of the slightest, and that I had never knowingly availed myself of their service. I had profited to some extent by my membership in the Order, but I had left to others such profits as were to be gained from editors and publishers by an acquaintance with the veteran servitors of the profession.

This plea was received with derision, especially from a solid phalanx of chestnut-venders who occupied the choicest seats in the convention. I saw that originality was neither expected nor understood, and fearing to lose the small emoluments that came from identification with the Order, I hastily withdrew my remarks and accepted the honor unanimously thrust upon me.

At the first meeting of the Committee of Selection there was a brief and informal discussion of the most venerable stock Jokes, and without a dissenting voice it was resolved that the mother-in-law Joke was first, with the rest nowhere. Consequently it devolved upon me, as Chairman, to interview this ancient standby on behalf of her devotees.

I called at her address, and learned that she was out of town, making a visit with her married daughter. Convinced that I was on the right track, I next ascertained her daughter's married name, and by a little inquiry learned the club at which her husband, the son-in-law, must then be lodging. I sent in my card, and was received in the card-room, where he was engrossed in an unlimited game of poker. Learning my errand, he was delighted.

"Interview my mother-in-law? Why, certainly!" he cried. "She deserves it. I wish I were a reporter! I'd interview her—you bet!" and he gave me his home address with a malevolence of expression that terrified me. Then he remarked, "You can tell my wife you found me sitting up with a sick friend. I may not be home for some time; but you can say that I shall have no hesitation in staying away so long as her mother is there; I shall feel safe in remaining in the city."

The next day I found myself at the door of a neat suburban cottage embowered in dogs and vines. Ushered into the parlor by the suburban Hired Girl—an old, old friend of our Order—I awaited the coming of the mother-in-law Joke.

She entered. I rose. Considering her manifest age, her vitality was wonderful; and in my opening remark I embodied this observation in a neatly turned compliment, making some reference to the Mayflower.

"You mistake," said she. "I did not come over in the Mayflower. There was none of the Joke family among the passengers."

"But, madam," I objected, "I had understood that among the red Aborigines there was no such thing as a Joke."

"None except myself," she answered with easy dignity. "The mother-in-law in the savage community was not considered a Joke. She was then—as she should be now—the unquestioned ruler of the family. Only in these degenerate days has the mother-in-law become a symbol of interference.

"You know, no doubt, 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world'?" I said I owned a volume of Familiar Quotations.

"You have perhaps believed the line referred to the mother?"

"I have always thought so," I murmured.

"Nothing could be more stupid," said the vivacious old lady. "It is the wife's mother who rocks the cradle—and you may draw your own conclusions as to who rules the world. By the way, are you married?"

"I am."

"Have you a mother-in-law?"

"None."

"Departed?"

"No"; and added in a truly professional spirit, "they never die."

"True," said she. "How is it, then, that you have no mother-in-law?"

"I married a daughter of the regiment."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then she begged to be excused, as she must see that her daughter looked properly after her grandchildren. "She is a mere child yet," she explained, "and her husband is——" Here she held up her hands in holy horror.

I saw I must come to the object of my visit, and I explained that she was to be pensioned on account of her long services to the Order of American Humorists. She seemed pleased, and asked what formalities were necessary.

"None," I answered, "except that you must prove your existence and identity as the domineering, interfering, happiness-wrecking mother-in-law that has been one of the mainstays of the comic papers."

"Prove my existence?" she shrieked. "What—*me? Mrs. Harris?*"

A change came over the spirit of my dream. I looked at the unsubstantial figure fading before me, and behold—it was Mrs Harris—the long-sought friend of Betsy Prig.

So ended my first interview on behalf of the Order of American Humorists.

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